

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXIII.—No. 582.

[REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29th, 1908.

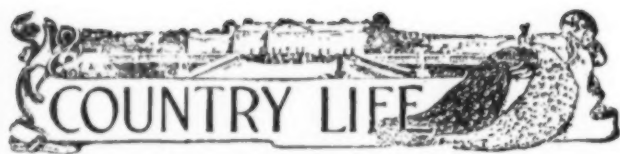
[PRICE SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½D.]



MISS ALICE HUGHES

LADY HERBERT SCOTT AND HER SON.

52, Gower Street,



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: Lady Herbert Scott and Her Son ...	289, 290
The Purchase and Equipment of Small Holdings ...	290
Country Notes ...	291
The Peril of the Sea. (Illustrated) ...	293
New Cottage, Oxford. (Illustrated) ...	297
An Island Flora.—II. ...	303
Well-broken Retrievers in the Field. (Illustrated) ...	304
Country Home: Keele Hall. (Illustrated) ...	306
Sport in Norway.—II. ...	311
In the Garden. (Illustrated) ...	312
Wild Country Life ...	314
The Waterloo Club. (Illustrated) ...	315
From the Farms ...	316
Two Books of the Week ...	318
Shooting ...	319
On the Green. (Illustrated) ...	320
Correspondence ...	322

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

The charge for Small Estate Announcements is 12s. per inch per insertion, the minimum space being half an inch, approximately 48 words, for which the charge is 6s. per insertion. All Advertisements must be prepaid.

THE PURCHASE AND EQUIPMENT OF SMALL HOLDINGS.

FROM a heap of correspondence which has reached us from various parts of Great Britain, we learn that the County and Parish Councils are only beginning to realise the practical difficulties that lie before them in the working of the Small Holdings Act. It has proved very easy to excite a considerable amount of interest in the measure, and wherever men from the country are in the habit of congregating its provisions are being ardently discussed. The number of applications has also been satisfactory. The people have been, at any rate, stirred into thinking what is meant by recent legislation. But where the applications are most numerous the difficulties are most keenly felt. In the first place, it has been found that there is extremely little land in Great Britain which is not in active use at the present moment. People who talk wildly of land being allowed to go derelict have found out that such land as is not being cropped consists, for the most part, of saltings or other waste that could not be profitably brought into husbandry. At any rate, the poor light land that has relapsed into natural or healthy pasture is altogether unsuitable for small holdings. The opinions of those who are actually engaged in tilling the soil have been crystallised by recent discussion. They say without hesitation that only on the best strong land is it possible to earn a livelihood by market-gardening. The man who takes land of only average fertility and tries to make a livelihood out of a fifty-acre farm will find himself engaged in one of the hardest tasks possible. He and his family will have to toil with their hands, and they will have to be as frugal and saving as French peasant proprietors. Evidently, to take land forcibly from those who are at present in possession of it, and divide it among those whose tenancy must, from the nature of the case, be more or less experimental in character, is not to be thought of. At any rate, there is a formidable barrier to any hasty change. Land is usually held on a lease of some sort, in some cases a yearly one, in others for a longer duration. Proper notice must be served before it is available for the applicants to the County Councils. This, in itself, would cause a considerable amount of delay before the small holders get started.

A still more perplexing question awaits solution in the equipment of the farm. Our correspondents appear to entertain

the most varied and contradictory ideas on the subject. It is not safe, under the circumstances as they exist, to venture upon figures; at any rate, nothing like an average can be struck until more data have been collected. One of our correspondents, who knows what he is talking about, says that in the Midlands it would take at least £500 to equip a farm of fifty acres. He assumes that, in the first place, a homestead would have to be built, and this would be a superior kind of cottage. A matter of £300 could easily be spent in this direction. We trust, at any rate, that those who are responsible for the houses will see that there is no more jerry-building than is unavoidable. No saving is made in the end by putting up a house which, under the hard usage of a cottager and his family, would be constantly in need of repair. It should be a house of strong and substantial walls, of doors made of matured wood that will not shrink or swell, of windows sufficiently large for light and air. The accommodation should not be less than two rooms on the ground floor, namely, a kitchen, that would also be a living-room, and a best room. People sometimes say that the cottager never makes use of this parlour except on high days and holidays or on the appearance of some visitor of consequence; yet there are few who would like to be without it. At the worst it can be turned into an emergency bedroom. Upstairs there should certainly be three bedrooms, one with a fireplace in case a fire is wanted during ill-health. We do not believe that fireplaces are wanted in all the rooms—in fact, the others are better without them; but one will at times be certainly needed as a sickroom, and therefore should be provided with a fireplace. It is of importance that the staircase leading from the ground floor to the bedrooms should be planned without sharp angles, or anything that renders it difficult to ascend. The architect should remember in planning the cottage that no servants will be kept, and that a single woman will probably have to do all the work, in which case an awkward staircase is a very unnecessary addition to the worries of a life difficult enough in any case.

In these days, even cottagers desire their water laid on, if for nothing but to save themselves the trouble of carrying it, and this, too, is an expense that must be taken into account, particularly if the farm is going to partake of a dairy character. Cleanliness, and therefore plenty of water, is an essential alike to the production of pure milk and of good butter. There would also have to be a little dairy, while outside there must be accommodation for as many cows as are likely to be kept. Stabling for at least two horses should also be provided, since the great majority of these small tenants will have to keep one horse and occasionally more. Among the minor arts to be carried out that of poultry-raising ought to be one, and this, again, requires certain buildings. A pigsty is part of the equipment that cannot be done without. The majority of small holders would also find it advantageous to have a room for storing fruits and seeds. When we come to consider all these things, it is not found that £500 would be an outrageous sum to spend on the equipment of a fifty-acre farm. And in descending the scale to those of smaller extent it will always be well to err on the safe side and have too much rather than too little accommodation. The thriving man will always be asking for more. The difficulty does not lie mainly in providing the money necessary to make these changes; but unless the small holder means to depend to some extent on public charity, it is obvious that the rent he pays will have to represent a moderate rate of interest upon the capital that is being laid out. If a landlord undertakes to do the repairs, he certainly cannot afford to charge less than 5 per cent., and probably would find himself out of pocket at the end of the year. But 5 per cent. on £500 means an annual payment of £25. The rent, we suppose, would be something between 30s. and £2. Those County Councils which have been in negotiation for the purchase of land have generally found out that the price of fair agricultural land in Great Britain runs to between £30 and £40 an acre. In many districts it could not be obtained at anything like so cheap a rate. Practically speaking, this means a rent of something over 30s. an acre; but 30s. an acre would mean £75 a year, which, added to the £25 for interest, would make £100 a year or £2 a week. Very skilful cultivation and very careful economy would be required to produce a living wage after this sum had been obtained.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Herbert Scott with her little son. Lady Herbert Scott is a daughter of the late Mr. James Edwards, and her marriage to Captain Lord Herbert Scott, D.S.O., fourth son of the Duke of Buccleuch, took place in 1905.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



• NOTES •

A CURIOUS situation has arisen in Canada owing to the cheapening of the postal rates for British periodicals. These, according to the Canadian Postmaster-General, have increased to the extent of 100 per cent. From many points of view the news is good. Nothing is better calculated to strengthen the bonds of union between the Mother Country and the Dominion than a free interchange of those publications in which the thoughts and ideas of the moment find expression. But there are certain drawbacks. It is pointed out that the cheap rates are made possible only by subsidising the mail-boats. Booksellers also complain that the bread is being taken out of their mouths because of the vast number of subscribers who now receive their copies direct from the publishers. They complain, too, that a new class of canvassers has sprung up by whom the business is done that used to fall to them. Such dislocations, however, are inevitable when a change of this kind occurs.

Many are excluded from golf by the fact that they cannot obtain a game without joining a club. It is to be regretted that the London County Council have imposed so heavy a charge for playing golf on the municipal course at Hainault Forest. It is always a matter for rejoicing that an addition has been made to public courses, for golf is a pastime that is calculated to do a vast amount of good to those who are not in a position to pay a heavy club subscription; that is to say, operatives and others who are confined during the whole of the day within the walls of their factories. Nothing is more likely to improve their physique than a match at golf during the long evenings that are now coming on; and workmen in Edinburgh, for example, who used to be able to take advantage of the open links often developed into fine players. If the County Council could see their way to lowering the charge to something like 3d. a round, and to charging not more than 1d. for the use of the clubs, at the player's risk, the public courses would gain very much in value.

It appears that something will have to be done towards the strengthening of Exeter Cathedral, as a report has been presented to the Dean and Chapter showing that the south tower shows unmistakable indications of decay. Some of the exterior stone is breaking off in large pieces; indeed, on Sunday, one falling broke a window in the south choir aisle. Already, it is said, about £100 has been spent in examining and underpinning the tower, and an appeal is made for £700 more. Of course, there are few who would attempt to deny for one moment that Exeter Cathedral is one of the treasures of architecture which deserve to be guarded by the nation. Its peal of bells is one of the finest in Europe, and both the south and the north tower are famous; but in all these matters it is greatly to be desired that the authorities of the church should take careful and expert opinion as to the manner in which the requisite repairs can be done without injuring the fabric or destroying any feature of its character.

It is disquieting to learn that another outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease has occurred in Edinburgh. This time it has broken out at Balbirnie Place, Murrayfield; and it is noteworthy that the owner of the herd in which it appeared is Mr. John Robertson, in whose Elvanbank herd the disease broke out

previously. This Murrayfield dairy herd consists of twenty-one cattle, three of which have shown symptoms of the disease. Circumstances seem to point to the infection having been carried from Elvanbank to Balbirnie Place, as Mr. Robertson had only taken this over a week before the previous outbreak was discovered. The animals, it is said, were purchased in Edinburgh on Wednesday, February 5th, the day after the first symptoms had been observed in the Elvanbank herd. The facts telling against infection having been carried, however, are first, that none of the animals seems to have been in contact with any one at Elvanbank; and, secondly, that they were taken straight to the sheds at Balbirnie Place and placed in charge of a man and a woman neither of whom had anything to do with Elvanbank. In spite of all this, the fact of the disease having broken out twice in animals belonging to the same man raises, to say the least, a suspicion that there must have been means of conveying the infection.

Mr. Robertson deserves praise for the promptness with which he communicated his first suspicion to the authorities, telling the representative of the *Scotsman* that he had no idea whatever as to how the disease had been conveyed to the Balbirnie Place animals. In this case it is impossible that infection could have come from the hay shipped from abroad to Leith, which was suspected on the previous occasion, since it was not used for the Murrayfield herd. A serious point about the situation is that the outbreak this time has occurred in the middle of a dairying district. No fewer than seven dairy herds are housed in close proximity to the one that is infected. Altogether there are about 350 cows accommodated on a site some 40yds. from the Murrayfield tramway route near the Caledonian station. The business of the owners is sure to be seriously injured by the occurrence, but it is to be hoped that the Board of Agriculture will show the same promptness and efficiency as was done on the occasion of the Elvanbank outbreak. They seem, however, to have come a little prematurely to the conclusion that the disease had been stamped out.

THE TRAMP.

The long road lies before me
And the cloudy heavens are o'er me
And this journey—never ending—
Is the only life for me.
For the road winds on for ever
And my feet may leave it never
Till they're straitly laid together
In the sleep that sets us free.

The little town grows nearer
And the buildings stand out clearer:
Soon I'll see the glowing casements
And the happy lights behind.
And I ponder dully grieving
O'er a past there's no retrieving—
On the story of those shadows,
The shadows on the blind.

The little parlour holds them,
And the shining soft enfolds them,
To my fancy—as a mother holds
Her baby to her breast.
Oh Love must there be dwelling
And Peace beyond all telling
And more than all—poor wand'rers,
Those shadows they have Rest.

Yet—perchance there may be aching
Hearts among them almost breaking
Tempest-torn with doubts and passions
Sick with many a longing vain.
While the years stretch out unending
Of a life that's hurt past mending—
Like the road that I am wending
In the darkness and the rain.

CELIA CONGREVE.

This week sees the beginning of the great horse shows of the year. As we write a magnificent array of Shires has been got together in the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. Next week will be the turn of the hackneys, and they, too, will appear in great force. The number of entries compares favourably with the average of previous years, showing a total of 650. It shows, however, a slight falling off as compared with 1907, 1906 and 1905; the very satisfactory reason being given that this is due to the brisk export trade. After these will come the exhibition of thoroughbreds and hunters. More interest than usual will be felt in this year's horse exhibitions, because of the attention that has been directed to the falling off in the number of horses in Great Britain. If a war were to break out, it is not a secret that we have not horses sufficient to last through a single campaign, and for this reason, if for no other, patriotism would dictate it as a duty

that every possible encouragement should be given to the breeding of horses, especially of those animals which are most suitable for serving as Army remounts.

It seems to carry us into a forgotten world when we hear of the death of an artist whom Thackeray hailed as a new painter. That was in *Fraser's Magazine* for June, 1839, when he described him in these words: "A new painter, somewhat in the style of Harding, is Mr. Callow; and better, I think, than his master, or original, whose colours are too gaudy to my taste and effects too glaringly theatrical." Mr. Callow settled near Portland Place in 1841, and afterwards removed to Great Missenden, whence he reached London by a coach that made the journey once a day. Among his pupils were many personages familiar to the last generation, such as the late Marquess of Dufferin, the late Lord Northbrook and the late Lord Rosebery. As late as October, 1907, a collection of his drawings was exhibited at the Leicester Galleries. He was in his ninety-sixth year when he died, so that the calling of artist appears to be favourable to long life. Titian was almost a centenarian when he died, and so was the late Sydney Hooper.

The result of the enquiries in connection with the proposal to establish a whaling station on the Irish Coast is not yet known; but from all that has been published of the evidence there would seem to be little doubt that the idea will be abandoned. With an unanimity which it is very rare to find in any such connection, the witnesses have declared with much emphasis that the whaling is always fatal, or largely destructive, to the herring fishery—it has been thus proved from Shetland right down the coast, and again off the Scandinavian shores—and also that the lucrative employment which the fishery of the great whale supplies to the people is as nothing in comparison with that which is afforded by the small herring in its countless multitudes. Besides this may be urged the fact that the herring is a valuable article of food, while the whale products have commercial uses only. There was but one witness from Peterhead who had something of a good word to say for the whale—namely, that it stirred up the herring shoals and sent them to the surface, where the nets might take them; but perhaps this is not evidence which will weigh very heavily.

From time to time we hear stories, which it would be quite impossible to believe if it were not that they are so incredible that no man would dare tell them if they were not true. Such are those of the escape from all injury of horses which have fallen over a cliff of considerable height. A striking instance in point is recorded from the neighbourhood of Carllops, in Midlothian, where a horse, with a provision van, lately fell over a scaur a distance of 40ft. and was quite uninjured, although the van was destroyed. The fall occurred on the old road, condemned by the Road Board, between Carllops and Nine-mile-burn, so the account may easily be tested. It is said further that this same quadruped—described as a "valuable horse," which he certainly must be—fell over a cliff 50ft. high, last year, into the Esk. He should be a true descendant of Pegasus.

Great Britain does not, perhaps, like to think it possible that she should accept hints from a foreign nation on any matter of Colonial management; but the reported action of Germany in South Africa in sending engineers to make a survey preparatory to forming an immense water reservoir in the highlands about Keetmanshoep, suggests an idea that our own authorities might, perhaps, act on with advantage in one or two places in the Colonies. The idea of this big reservoir is that water shall be led therefrom by gravity to the plains below, where cultivation is at present practically without result for lack of water. It is stated that the engineers will visit German East Africa also, on an extended tour, in order to see whether any similar scheme of beneficial irrigation is feasible there.

It is very seldom that in February we find things so forward in the garden as we have them this year. The hepaticas are in flower a little South of London; the leaves of such roses as Crimson Rambler, to name the most familiar instance, are often fully formed; primroses are out in the hedges; and, of course, some varieties of the honeysuckle are in nearly full leaf. The white japonica is showing its flowers, and there is a good deal of bloom of both white and purple arabis. Many kinds of bulbous plants are several inches above ground, and the leaf-buds on all the trees are far advanced. We have never had a season in which the winter aconite has done so well. Very likely we shall have to pay for all this by a sharp set-back when some late frosts come, but in the meantime it is very pleasant.

A very beautiful group of polecats, comprising six cubs, the "Hob" and "Jill," has just been added to the collection of British mammals at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. The whole family were taken at the same time in

Breconshire, and the Museum is to be congratulated on having secured such a family group, for the polecat is becoming increasingly rare, a fact which, in some ways, is to be deplored. The gallery in which the polecats have been placed also contains the collection of British birds. Many of these were atrociously badly stuffed, while others had faded out of all recognition. These Mr. Rowland Ward has generously replaced at his own cost, and it is not too much to say that the new specimens are not only the finest of their kind in point of plumage, but that they are also most superbly mounted; they are, indeed, to be reckoned among the gems of this fine collection, surpassing in beauty of pose and contour any of the specimens of the same species exhibited in the now celebrated nesting series, which, it may be remarked, was the first of its kind to be placed in any public museum.

In course of a discussion at Bloemfontein recently, between Sir Hamilton Goolld-Adams, Governor of the Orange River Colony, Viscount Bury and others, respecting the marching capabilities of the British Army, some doubt was expressed as to whether six miles an hour was a possible task for soldiers on the march. As a result, His Excellency's private secretary (Mr. Courtenay Shaw) undertook to walk three miles in less than half-an-hour, for a cup offered by the Governor. Starting slowly, Mr. Shaw found himself 15sec. behind time at the end of the first three laps, when Sir Hamilton gave permission to Mr. J. Mellett (ex-champion of South Africa) to pace the plucky amateur, and a marked improvement became apparent. At the commencement of the last lap Mr. Shaw was 7sec. to the good, and, with Mr. Mellett stretching him out, he finished in fine style, crossing the line in 29min. 49sec., or just 11sec. on the right side.

THE UPPER WINDOW.

O'er the roofs of smoke-swept houses
Loom duns and blues of Fife;
Sunlight on the Firth carouses
Waking its dull steel to life.
Someone's calling "Caller Herring,"
Calling down below;
Aye, she's early up and stirring,
Jean Mackay, of Fisher Row.
There she strides with creaking basket
Strapped across her leaning head.
Blue her eyes, and, can you ask it,
Highland is she, born and bred!
"Caller Herring" moves she calling
Up and down the street;
There's no better fish for buying
Clean and firm, and fresh to eat!
See, the moonlight still is on them,
On their scales, so keen they shine.
So they shone when her folk won them
From green waters of Loch Fyne!
Moonlight over Inverara
As they drew the net
Never painted visions fairer,
Jean Mackay will not forget!
Someone's calling "Caller Herring,"
Calling down below,
Aye, she's early up and stirring,
Jean, of Fisher Row!

FREDERIC LORNE

Among Ministers Mr. Lloyd George has won an enviable reputation for his skill in adjusting differences between Labour and Capital. His conciliatory attitude had the effect of avoiding the conflict between the railway companies and their servants; and now it seems likely that he will deserve congratulation for smoothing out the difficulty raised in the North-Eastern ship-building trade without recourse being had to the last resort of economical warfare. We fancy that this will be a relief to the vast majority. Strikes in the past have proved to be a very costly and cruel method of adjusting labour differences, and they generally have the effect of increasing rather than allaying irritation. It is one of their worst features, too, that they are more likely to occur in times of adversity than in times of prosperity. Mr. Lloyd George, therefore, has deserved the thanks even of those who differ from him in politics for his exertions in the cause of industrial peace.

It seems to be not enough that our poor country should be overrun with rats in such numbers as to be a serious pest; we are now in the Southern Counties further pestered by an abnormal plague of moles. The mole, being carnivorous, has many points to his credit among agriculturists; but, on the other hand, when he becomes so numerous that more than half of the once fair surface of a pasture is covered by his heaps, this

reduction of grazing area outweighs any services that he renders. Unfortunately, there is no efficacious wholesale means of getting rid of him; he has to be trapped individually, and trapping him is something of a fine art. The mole which has once or twice escaped a trap becomes so cunning that he will set his black and pointed nose into the jaws

of no trap whatsoever again. He even insults the trapper by digging under the trap and throwing it out on the ground. The only way, then, seems to be to shoot him as he digs, watching for him to throw up the earth and then shooting into the mound. His favourite hours for work seem to be about nine o'clock in the morning, and again about four or a little earlier in the afternoon.

THE PERIL OF THE SEA.

THERE had been a tremendous gale all night. It was coming in from the sea, smashing down on the coast with the force of the whole North Sea behind it. Here and there along the cliffs a speck of a useless human, crouching behind any shelter that was strong enough not to need shelter itself, gazed steadily out to sea. There was nothing whatever to look at, but it was the opinion of the fishing village that there soon would be. A little stone break-water ran, as if it were its tongue, out of the narrow cleft in the cliffs on the steep sides of which the village hung. Near it was built a rough stone look-out, and here stood a telescope with an absolutely silent man glued to its landward end and a cluster of people round him asking questions which he did not answer. A few yards further up stood the lifeboat-house, facing the sea. On his breathless way up the lane to church (it was Sunday morning) the artist passed an old fisherman, who was striving, with little success, to fall down it and join the watchers below.

During the singing of the last hymn—which was accompanied by a master in sound who, for all he played outside the church, completely drowned the organ—the church door opened, a figure, a dripping oil-skinned figure appeared in the doorway, and the next minute the congregation knew that there was a ship in sight driving on the rocks.

A few minutes later the whole village was getting down to the shore after an incredible fight—women with shawls over their heads, men with sou'-westers, children with nothing, creeping, struggling and fighting down. The house-surrounded space between the lifeboat-house and the quay was crammed. A babel of tongues was going up. She was still far enough out for her chances to be discussed, though she had none. The man at the look-out had spoken, it seemed, but was now once more silent. He had seen her first. As she came nearer he had announced her name, her owners, her cargo, her captain, where she came from and whither she was going; then he became silent again, with his eye to the telescope. Whither she *had* been going, that is to

say. She was going now where God and the gale chose—and the men on her, unless the lifeboat or the rocket apparatus saved them, were going whither they had each of them been going all their lives. The artist did not at first catch sight of her amid the roar and excitement and confusion around him. He stared vaguely out, then he saw her, suddenly, a two-masted vessel, far out, driving before the gale. On she came at an incredible pace, like something running for life. One moment a glimpse could be caught of her, flung high against the sky, with an aspect of such effort and despair as if she were, not flung, but flinging herself up, with a shriek; the next, as she fell again in the trough between two huge waves, even the tops of her masts could not be seen. Once or twice, with an indescribable sound, the wind fell on the sea straight out of the sky, as it were, and struck it flat, so that nothing moved—an effect that is not often seen on English coasts, but is common enough in the tropics. Then she was seen, the only thing on a mile-wide level of foam, heeling over as though she were letting herself go, half fainting, in a pause of the attack upon her. There is no inanimate object so instinct with the effect of being consciously alive, as a ship under sail; and nothing, when her time comes, perishes so humanly. The artist, horror-struck, turned to the man who stood next him—it was the old fisherman—put his lips close to his ear and shouted, "Has she any chance?" The fisherman answered, without altering the direction of his intent, imperturbable gaze seawards, "None." "She must strike?" "She must." "Where will it be?" He jerked his thumb. Probably about a mile down; the exact spot depended on whether she cleared a certain current which set in at some little distance out to sea. If she did not clear it, it would carry her down and cast her ashore on a great stretch of sands which spread before the mouth of the next cleft in the cliffs. If she did, she would drive straight across the bay and strike the rocks well this side of the cleft. If she struck in the cleft they must go



C. E. Wanless.

DRIVEN BEFORE THE GALE.

Copyright.



C. E. Wanless.

"LIKE SOMETHING RUNNING FOR LIFE."

Copyright.

round three miles by road to get into it, as no descent down its sides was possible; while if she struck below the cliffs, they must go to her along the top of them. The man in the stone look-out stood like stone himself; he was watching for the first sign of her having struck, or cleared, the current. On she came. It was thought those on board her must know the waters of the bay. Some attempt was still being made to influence her course amid the current. If she struck on the rocks, there was a better chance for the crew; it would be a much easier matter to drop a rocket on board her from the cliff top than from the flat, surf-clouded mouth of the cleft.

The lifeboat was out of the house, waiting. She lay with her nose touching the calm water of the tiny jetty-sheltered harbour, beyond which, against the end of the breakwater, the spray of enormous waves was breaking a hundred feet in the air, and the roar of the sea was so great that it made the onlooker shiver, as at some menace drawing terribly near. On either side of the lifeboat stood her crew, motionless, each man in his place, staring seawards with intent, impassive faces, they and their boat ready to the last detail of equipment. Could

she even get beyond the shelter of the jetty in the teeth of such a sea and wind? The fisherman's opinion was that she could not. Wouldn't she even try? Before the old man could answer the look-out spoke, without lowering his telescope. He said he could see that the vessel had lost her boats, and the crowd waited breathlessly. Only those quite close to him could hear him, but what he said was in the possession of everyone two seconds after he had said it. He spoke again. He could distinguish the separate men of a group—in her bows. *Men*; the artist's blood froze. It had been a ship and her crew; now it was men—separate men—men staring towards him and his fellows as their one chance left of life. The look-out lowered his telescope, looked round, and made a sign. "She's caught by the current," he said, and as the words left his lips there was a rattle and a shout from the back of the crowd. Like a flash the rocket apparatus and the men in charge of it shot up the road; their route was decided. But the old fisherman next the artist never turned his head. With impassive contempt he stared seawards. "They may spare themselves the journey," he said; "she's foundering." She was struggling no more. Crushed, sunken, deep in the sea she lay; she rolled without an effort, letting the waves wash over her, like a thing so nearly dead as to be no longer conscious. "Good God! what's happened to her?" he cried. The old man, staring at her with indifferent, tragic, contemptuous eyes, said any fool could see what had happened to her. The leaks were gaining on her. That was why her crew were gathered forward; they had abandoned the pumps. She would founder in deep water. At that instant a sharp word suddenly rang out through the howl of the storm. "They're off!" said the old fisherman; and without any change of countenance he rushed forward to help run the boat down. Three times the lifeboat left the shelter of the jetty and got out into the open sea; three times she came hurtling back, swamped, submerged, staggering, broadside on, stern on—anyhow; her crew with utterly expressionless countenances,



C. E. Wanless.

PLUNGING HEADLONG TO HER FATE.

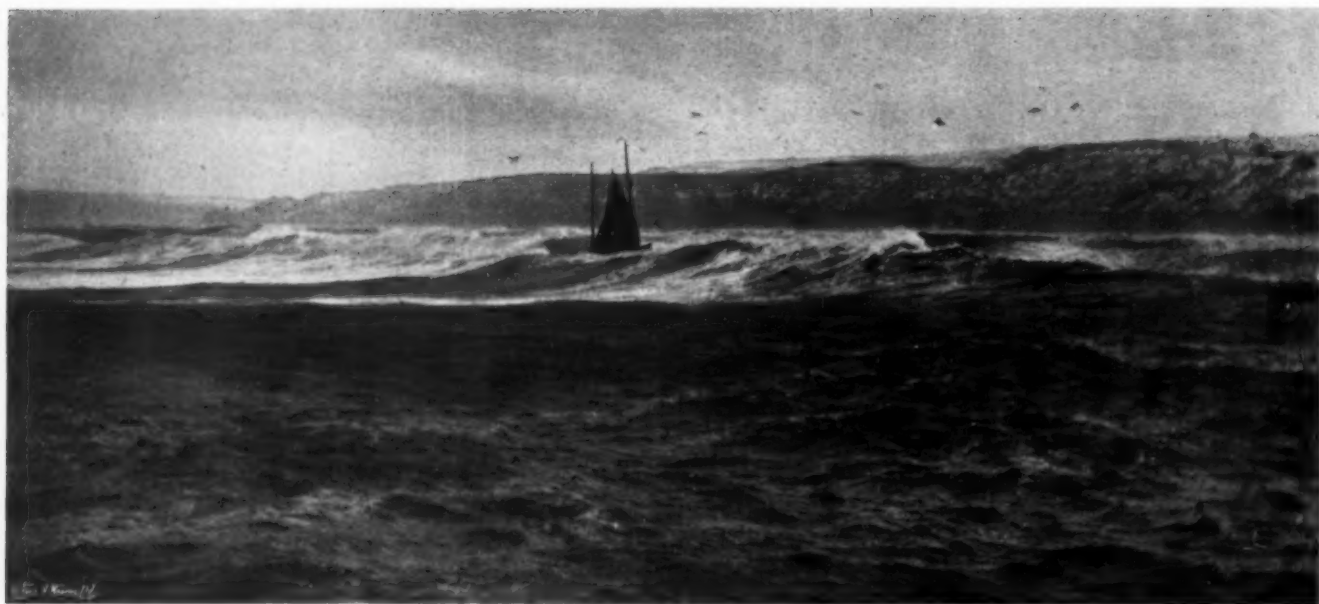
Copyright.



Copyright.

THE NEXT MORNING.

C. E. Wanless.



C. E. Wanless.

IN THE GRIP OF THE SEA.

Copyright

dogged eyes, bowed shoulders; pulling out, giving way, dashing forward, easing again, as word was given—and again straining forward with an effort which laid them flat in the boat and sent her leaping up and out into the very teeth of the gale. When beaten back, it was with the same expressionless faces that they steadied and saved her and got her round in the smooth water and started again. The third time they came right inside and there rested a minute to recover breath and sense, leaning forward on their oars, silent. The crowd now made neither sound nor movement. It watched the lifeboat. After an instant, for the fourth time, she went out once more to her battle. Minutes passed. It was impossible to say whether she was making any headway. Then it became certain that she was at last keeping out longer than at any previous attempt. A whisper broke out—a passionate surmise—she was making headway, it grew into conviction with a

flash, she was! On she went. Such seas, huge, breaking, sweeping, rose up against her as it was beyond human credulity to believe she could surmount; and still, as each one bore forward, she was beyond it, afloat and moving on. Could she do it—would she do it? Suddenly, against the sky-line, towered a white-topped wall of water. A choking gasp broke from the watchers as they perceived it, and before the gasp had passed the wave was upon the lifeboat. She rose up to meet it straight on end; but as she did so it curled over and fell on her. "She's gone!" The bitter cry rang to the skies. A shriek broke from a woman near. "She's not. I see her!" and there up again, Heaven knows how, out of the swell of the water the lifeboat had risen once more, and was holding again on her way, her deathless way, the way of men's sacrifice for men, the way of a tradition that England's sons hand down unbroken from one generation to another.



C. E. Wanless

DOOMED.

Copyright

NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

A STORY has been going round Oxford lately of a well-informed American showing a newly-arrived country-woman the beauties of the University. Arriving at New College, which was under repair (as our colleges usually are) she said: "This is New College; you see that they have not had time to take down the scaffolding yet." Whether this be authentic or not, there is certainly nothing which brings more home to a visitor the antiquity of Oxford than the fact that our "New College" is already well on in its sixth century. Its nickname has long ago displaced in popular use its official title of "The College of St. Mary of Winchester

in Oxford"; in fact, even in the second decade of its existence, it is styled the "New College of St. Mary" in a formal document. The story is still told how an archaizing Wykehamist of the nineteenth century, who tried to revive the old style in his correspondence, was driven in a fortnight by the exigencies of the Post Office to acquiesce in the popular title; his letters went to St. Mary Hall, to the rector of St. Mary's, anywhere, in fact, except to "The College of St. Mary of Winchester." The importance of the name "New College" lies in the fact that its foundation marked the final triumph of the college system in the English Universities. It is true that Walter de Merton's college



was already more than a century old when New College was founded, and that it had been copied on a less elaborate scale in several foundations, both at Oxford and at Cambridge; but the question was still an open one whether University life was to be collegiate or to remain non-collegiate. William of Wykeham's magnificent endowments settled this point once and for all; his college not only surpassed Merton, it was to be a rival to the greatest monastic establishments. His Warden was not to live in rooms, but to have a house of his own, a house which, judiciously restored at the time of the appointment of the present Warden, Dr. Spooner, is still the most beautiful and the most complete of academic dwellings; its fine staircase is shown in one of our illustrations. The Warden was allowed no less than six horses for his progress over the college estates; the fourteenth century stable still survives on the south side of New College Lane. Arrangements made on this magnificent scale impressed the popular imagination and were soon imitated. New College gave to King Henry VI. the model for King's College, Cambridge, and inspired Henry's minister, William

entrance, was erected in 1711; there seems to be no truth in the tradition that it once belonged to the Duke of Chandos, and was brought from his villa, Canons. On the other side of the college, at the north-west, lie the picturesque cloisters, where members of the college—by a special papal bull—might be buried. Around the walls are ranged the tablets which commemorate many generations of Wykehamists; and even in the present century the late Warden, Dr. Sewell, was buried there. As has been well said, "every want of the scholars was provided for from their academical birth, if need be, to the grave." The founder himself, even apart from his munificent benefactions, would be remembered by students for more than one reason. He was one of the great statesmen prelates who did so much to justify the secularity of the mediæval church. During the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. he maintained the traditions of good government, and resisted the arbitrary encroachments of Royal supremacy; his share in the Good Parliament of 1376 is known even to schoolboys. But his architectural fame is even more important; he was one of the great builders of the time, and had



Copyright

THE CLOISTERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of Waynfleet, to found Magdalen College, Oxford. We may well adapt Horace: "*Matre pulcra filiae pulciores.*" Reinforced in this way, the college system triumphed, and it is in the fifteenth century that Oxford and Cambridge begin to assume the form they have ever since retained. The college, whose foundation was to be so important in academic history, was to consist of seventy scholars, besides the chaplains and the sixteen choristers, who are also provided. The housing of these early Wykehamists was arranged for in the most elaborate way. On the south side of the great Chapel and Hall lies the first complete quad in Oxford. Even in its present form, when its proportions have been spoiled by the erection of a third storey (added in 1675), and when its mediæval windows have been superseded by modern ones enlarged and cut square, it is still one of the most beautiful in the University. On the east side lies the garden, towards which, in the seventeenth century, the college was extended. The garden front expands picturesquely from the old buildings, an arrangement which is said to be imitated from the great palace of Louis XIV. at Versailles. The beautiful iron gate—shown in our illustrations—which forms the

earned his promotion in the Church by rebuilding Windsor Castle for King Edward III. The reformer Wycliffe wrote bitterly against clerks who were appointed because they were "wise in building castles or worldly doing, though they cannot well read their psalter," and no doubt he was right; but though Wykeham's work was not exactly clerical, we can rejoice at the rewarding of a man who left us the most beautiful Royal residence in England, and himself developed the most characteristic of English architectural styles—the Perpendicular. The nave of his cathedral, Winchester, is enough to justify a considerable advance in Church preferment, and the buildings of New College, which are in the same style, are themselves no mean example of Wykeham's architectural skill. But, as has been said, statesman and architect are known only to the few. It is as a founder that Wykeham is remembered; his motto for his college, "*Manners Makyth Man,*" is a popular proverbial saying; his college at Oxford marked the triumph of the new ideas in University education; his college at Winchester is looked upon as the mother of all English public schools. The object of this pious founder was, above all things,



Copyright.

THE ANTE-CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

religious. He was conscious of the abuses from which the Church of England, as part of the Church Catholic of Western Europe, was suffering in the time of the Great Schism. He saw that it was being threatened by politicians from without and by reformers from within; and he gave his great wealth to his colleges in order to increase the supply of clergy, which has been reduced by "pestilences, wars and other miseries of the world." Whether there is a reference in this to the ravages of the Black Death is not certain, but it is at least probable. That terrible scourge had in the previous generation emptied half the

happy accident, owes the preservation of a fine stretch of its old fortifications and New College, the most unique feature in its beautiful garden. The buildings erected must now be described in more detail. By far the most important is the Chapel, the largest of the old chapels of Oxford; it is 150ft. in length. In it the T shape, *i.e.*, a choir and transepts without a nave, was for the first time definitely adopted in Oxford. Its original glories can be only partially imagined, for its roof has been altered, the old glass has gone except in the ante-chapel, and the "adornments of many

colours" have given place to cold bare stone; but even as it is, no chapel in Oxford can be compared to it for dignity and beauty. The glass is especially interesting; the windows of the ante-chapel are the best collection of fourteenth century glass in England; a contrast to these is furnished by the great west window designed by Sir Joshua Reynolds (completed about 1784). Its "washy Virtues" have been frequently criticised from the days of Horace Walpole down to our own time, but there is no doubt that it is effective and popular, and whatever a purist may say, the general effect is good. In the chapel proper the windows on the south side are good Flemish glass of the seventeenth century, but they were finished and inserted by an English artist, Price, in the first half of the eighteenth century. Those on the north side are much inferior English work of the next half century. The old reredos was destroyed by the reforming zeal of Queen Elizabeth's Visitor, but has been well restored in our own day; the figures, which were presented by members of the college, embody the idea of the *Te Deum*; beneath are ranged the representation of Our Lord in Glory, angels, apostles and saints, including especially representatives of the Church of England, among them the Wykehamists, Archbishop Warham and Bishop Ken. The Hall requires less particular description. In its details, especially in the sixteenth century panelling, the gift of Archbishop Warham, it is the most beautiful in Oxford; but its proportions are spoiled by the injudicious alteration of the roof, which is now roft. higher than it was in the original building.

The buildings, of which the Hall and the Chapel form the most important part, were solemnly taken possession of by the members of Wykeham's new foundation on April 14th, 1387, at 9 a.m. The most distinguishing feature of his statutes is their extreme

elaboration; they are more than three times as long as those of Merton. The religious services, the studies, the dress and living of the students, their amusements, are all regulated. The founder was very precise against the keeping of all manner of pets in college; only the Warden is allowed hawks and falcons, hounds and ferrets; nor are the students to indulge in games of chess or ball and other "noxious, inordinate and illicit pastimes, especially those played for money." The only amusement contemplated is that on festival nights, when there is a fire in Hall, the fellows may gather round it and sing or read "poems, chronicles of

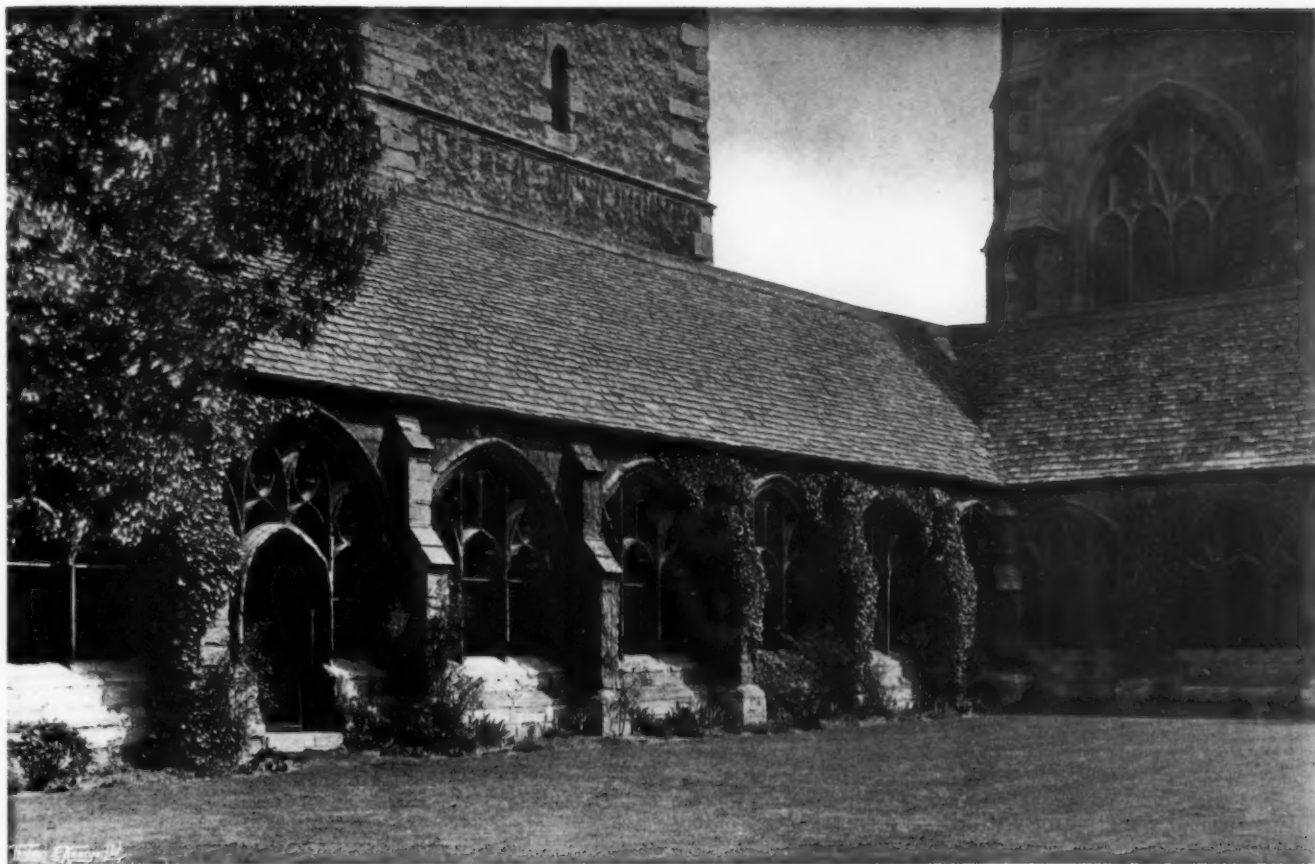


Copyright.

STAIRCASE OF THE WARDEN'S HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

benefices of England, and its ravages were not easily remedied. Wykeham secured for his college at Oxford a piece of ground which was lying deserted on the north-east side of Oxford within the limits of the wall. The authorities of the city drove a hard bargain with the bishop; the land in question was "waste and had been long time deserted from the inhabiting of any person," and was formally reported to be worth only 10s. a year; but the bishop had to pay £80 for it, as well as, in return for the permission to put his bell-tower on the city wall, to undertake for his college the perpetual obligation of keeping the wall in that part in good repair. To this obligation, Oxford, by a



Copyright

CORNER OF CLOISTER QUADRANGLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the realm and wonders of the world." In one respect, however, the statutes mark an important new departure in Oxford. Previously all instruction had been given in the public Schools of the University; Wykeham especially provided that for the first three years of their residence his students should be put under the care of a college tutor (*Informator*), to be selected from among the senior fellows. This was the beginning of that system

of college, as opposed to University, teaching which has been and still is so marked a feature in Oxford.

It would hardly be contended by the most enthusiastic Wykehamist that the distinctions of his college during the greater part of its history have been adequate to the magnificence of its buildings or to the riches of its foundation. Winchester sent up a succession of well-trained scholars to Oxford; but the



Copyright.

FROM THE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE MODERN BUILDINGS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE CHAPEL QUAD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE OUTER WALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fact that a boy on entering the University found himself well provided with a comfortable maintenance for life did not tend to stimulate exertion: "golden scholars, silver bachelors, leaden masters" became the traditional description of the Oxford Wykehamists. Three Archbishops of Canterbury, all of them men of mark, were produced by New College—Chichele, the founder of All Souls', Warham (already mentioned), the patron of Erasmus, and Howley, who baptised and crowned Queen Victoria; but archbishops, however eminent, have not ranked, as a rule, among England's greatest men. A higher place in distinction may be claimed for two Wykehamists of lower rank in the Church. Bishop Ken has not only the honour of being one of the famous "seven bishops" who resisted James II., an honour which he shared with another member of his college, Bishop Turner; as a saint and a hymn writer he takes a foremost place among England's ecclesiastical worthies since the Reformation. Equally prominent, though very different both in his career and in his views, was the witty Sidney Smith, who was a fellow from 1789 to 1800. He held the important office of steward of the Junior Common Room, where his accounts are still preserved; but he can hardly have been much in sympathy with his college, for no allusions to it or to his residence there are found in his numerous essays and sermons. But the founder had in view especially the enrichment of the Church with men of learning, and two at least of the New College Wykehamists have a well-established place in that long roll of clerical scholars which made the English clergy, in old days, at any rate, the *stipor mundi* of that part of Europe which studied divinity. Bishop Lowth, by his lectures on the "Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews," given by him as Professor of Poetry (he was appointed in 1741), was a pioneer in the Higher Criticism of the Old Testament. His description of college life as an aid to study has been often quoted, but will bear quoting again: "I enjoyed all the advantages, both public and private, which that famous seat of learning (Oxford) so largely affords. I spent many years in that illustrious society, in a well-regulated course of useful discipline and studies, and in the agreeable and improving commerce of gentlemen and scholars; in a society where emulation without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity, incited industry and awakened genius; where a liberal pursuit of knowledge and a genuine freedom of thought were raised, encouraged and pressed forward by example, by commendation and by authority." Gibbon, no favourable critic of clergymen and of Oxford men, speaks with respect of the "venerable prelate, whose taste and erudition must reflect honour on the society in which they were formed," from whom he "transcribes with pleasure this eloquent passage." Oxford men could wish for no better description of their educational system. Less known than Bishop Lowth, though equally learned, was the great Septuagint scholar of the next generation, Dr. Holmes, whose monumental work was indispensable to all serious students of his subject for more than a century. It is not often that a work of mere scholarship goes on selling steadily for 100 years after its author's death.

But if the glories of New College for more than the first four centuries of its existence were eclipsed by those of less famous foundations, there will be universal agreement among all Oxford men that during the last half-century it has been among the most prominent in every department of University life. From being one of the smaller colleges in Oxford, composed almost entirely of men from one great school, it has become one of the two or three largest, while its standard of admission, whether for scholars or for commoners, is admittedly one of the highest in Oxford. This great development dates from the change in the statutes which was made by the First University Commission. The increase in the numbers of the college has necessitated a great increase in its accommodation. On the north side of the chapel and half a new range of buildings has been erected facing Holywell Street; the earlier of these were the work of Sir Gilbert Scott in one of his least happy moments; but they have been continued during the last twenty years by Mr. Champneys in a style which, though not equal to the taste of the founder, yet, at any rate, makes them an addition to the beauties of Oxford. The Robinson Tower, which forms the centre of the new buildings, commemorates one who all his friends believed might have been a great man in the world at large, but who preferred to spend himself and his fortune in advancing the interests and the efficiency of his college and his University. Such lives are particularly characteristic of Oxford; she owes much to men who have deliberately sacrificed their own prospects of fame and advancement to making the way easier for those who come under their influence. They work for their ideals secretly and by means of others, and many men who help to make history would gladly confess the help and inspiration which they owed to those whose names are forgotten, except in narrow academic circles.

AN ISLAND FLORA.—II.

IT must be remembered that in comparing the present flora of the Isle of Wight with that which existed in the past, it is only possible to do so (except in the case of some half-a-dozen species) with respect to the last 100 years.

Though, doubtless, for unknown ages the bee orchis had blossomed every summer on Afton Down, and the beautiful autumnal squill had put forth its delicate flowers at St. Helen's Spit, in company with the trefails, sea-holly and the yellow horned poppy, yet the record of their existence only dates from the time when in the closing years of the eighteenth century Garnier and Poulter "went a-herborizing" in the Isle of Wight. In former years the most famous botanical locality in the island, more famous even than St. Helen's Spit, was what was known as the "Dover" at Ryde. On this tract of low sandy shore a large number of rare plants flourished, now, of course, utterly exterminated. Among them may be mentioned the proliferous pink, the beautiful marsh-mallow, the interesting little mousetail, the sea-holly, henbane, hemlock, hound's-tongue, the milk thistle and the annual mercury, which maintained its position on the same spot where Johnson found it in 1634; above all, the grass-of-Parnassus, which grew on a tract of boggy ground adjoining the Dover, now lost by drainage and building, not only to the island, but probably to the county of Hants. The shore of Sandown Bay, and the Royal Heath now occupied by the town, were formerly rich localities for rare plants. When Garnier gathered *Lathyrus maritimus*, or the seaside everlasting pea, on Sandown Beach, the town with its esplanade did not exist. An old map, dated 1810, only marks "Sandham Fort" and "Sandham Cottage." This last, situated on the Royal Heath, was the "villakm" of Wilkes, where the old demagogue lived from 1783 to 1797. Unfortunately, this cottage, "which first made Sandown famous," has long ago disappeared; but "Wilkes Road" marks the site of the property. Close to his grounds the rare and delicate spring vetch (*Vicia lathyroides*, L.) used to grow abundantly; but this, its chief, if not only, station in the Isle of Wight is now entirely built over. The disappearance of several notable plants from the shore at Sandown may be partly due to the encroachments of the sea, and not entirely to the building of the esplanade. Be that as it may, the seaside everlasting pea is gone from the bay and is now lost to Hampshire; and the same must also be said of *Euphorbia pepis*, found by John Stuart Mill when he made his botanising expedition to the island "some years" before 1841. This exceedingly rare spurge, known as the purple spurge from the intense purplish hue of its foliage, is only found in one or two localities in Britain, and Sandown is the most eastern station that has yet been recorded for the species. There is, however, no doubt as to the identity of the plant found by the great philosopher in Sandown Bay. The specimen was afterwards given by Mill himself to Dr. Bromfield, and is still preserved in the Bromfield Herbarium at Ryde. This is, undoubtedly, both on account of its rarity and its association with John Stuart Mill, the most interesting species in the collection. In the old days the most conspicuous plant about the little church of

St. Lawrence and the old mediæval ruin of Wolverton was the rare and handsome hellebore or setter-wort. In 1839 Dr. Martin pointed it out to the author of the "Flora Vectensis" "in considerable plenty" all about the rough, stony pasture ground of the neighbourhood. Since then many houses have sprung up, and much of the land has been converted into gardens, with the inevitable result that this splendid plant has become exceedingly scarce. Among other plants now lost to the island may be mentioned the dwale, or deadly nightshade, formerly to be found near the old Jacobean manor house of Knighton, now, alas, pulled down; the seaside cotton-weed, recorded in 1823 as growing on the shore at Sconce Tower; the upright cudweed; the early spider orchis, last seen on St. Boniface Down in 1849; and the vernal squill, which Garnier found near Newport.

Although the splendid hellebore has become exceedingly rare in the neighbourhood of St. Lawrence, yet close by the little church several choice species flourish in peace. The modest little round-leaved geranium, unknown on the mainland of Hampshire, and, indeed, elsewhere in the Isle of Wight, is plentiful on the hedge-banks and waste ground near the ivy-clad ruin of Wolverton. All about Steephill the parasitic broomrape, which attaches itself to the roots of ivy—the *Orobanchæ hederæ*—will be noticed in extraordinary abundance. Not found elsewhere in Hampshire, it is plentiful enough all along the Undercliff, growing in shrubberies, on hedge-banks, even on walls, accompanying its host in all directions. It was at Steephill that Garnier found the purple broomrape (*O. cærulea*), parasitic on the roots of the common yarrow, a rare and striking relative of the last-named species. This plant, distinguishable at once by its blue or purple hue, is still found in the island. Another fine species, common on the shores of the Mediterranean, but unknown elsewhere in Britain, may be seen on the white cliffs of Compton and Freshwater. This is *Matthiola incana*, the queen stock, or stock-gilly-flower, a truly splendid plant, with lanceolate, hoary leaves and large handsome purple flowers. It grows abundantly on the face of the perpendicular chalk cliffs, and, except by means of a rope from the down above, it is nearly impossible to obtain a specimen. Formerly this showy plant, the parent of our garden stocks, grew on the cliffs at Hastings; but the Isle of Wight is now its only station in Great Britain. How long it has flourished there, and whether the plant be truly indigenous to the island, are questions it is impossible to decide. Babbington marks the species as "possibly introduced"; Hooker and the London Catalogue regard it as a native. The plant is first recorded by Snook in 1823 in his "Flora Vectiana," where he says: "The cliffs from Compton to Freshwater-gate are covered by a *Cheiranthus*, not easily accessible." A few years later it did not escape the notice of John Stuart Mill, who wrote: "*Matthiola* (no doubt) *incana* grows in inaccessible places on Compton Cliffs, Freshwater Bay." The same plant, he adds, "grows most abundantly in places overhanging the sea on the promontory of Posilipo, and other similar situations near Naples, where it flowers copiously in February, and little children collect bouquets of the plant at great apparent risk, to sell to passers-by."

In the year 1843 Dr. Bromfield had the rare fortune to discover a new species of British plant. In a beautiful and sequestered valley in the centre of the island, well wooded on either side, he found, "growing amongst the long herbage and under the shade of the bushes, in vast quantity," what was evidently a strange calamint. It was, as he faithfully described it, "a highly beautiful plant, with flowers of a fine rose colour, spotted with purple or even blood-red: the corolla nearly an inch long, and three times the length of the calyx." The plant turned out to be, as he imagined, the wood-calamint, a species of *Calamintha* to be found in Switzerland and in parts of the South of Europe, and since identified as growing near Torquay in Devonshire. I visited the Isle of Wight Station in 1901, and found the wood-calamint, if not abundant, at any rate plentifully scattered about the bushes all along the west side of the secluded valley. It was indeed a striking plant as seen in its native haunts, avoiding exposed situations, and seeking the shade and shelter of the brushwood which grew here and there on the sloping sides of the down, in company with many a choice and interesting plant. The scarlet berries of the dogwood were very conspicuous among the bushes, over which the common clematis was trailing luxuriantly, and hard by, down in the rushy bottom, where the ground was soft and swampy, one of the rarest and most elegant of our island plants, the sweet cyperus, or English galingale, was growing. For many days I had searched for this rarity in vain, and there in the grassy hollow it covered a space of about ten square yards. Some thirty panicles were in flower, of the richest chestnut and green, and presented, with their spreading spikelets and light green polished stems and leaves, a truly striking and semi-tropical appearance. The plant now is distinctly rare, being found in only seven English counties; but, formerly, before the country was so much drained and enclosed, it was doubtless more generally distributed, for Gerard distinguishes it as the English galingale, and speaks of it as "growing naturally

in fenny grounds." The old herbalist also notices the agreeable fragrance of the sweet cyperus. "The root," he tells us, "is blacke and very long, creeping hither and thither, occupying much ground by reason of his spreading: it is of a most sweet and pleasant smell when it is broken." JOHN VAUGHAN.

WELL-BROKEN RETRIEVERS IN THE FIELD.

IN these days, when considerable interest is taken in field trials and high prices are given for dogs, it is strange how seldom we see in the shooting-field dogs which may be classed as perfectly-broken retrievers. This remark applies more particularly to the dogs which accompany their masters who form the guns of a party. There is no reason to suppose that there are not still many professional trainers, or keepers, who are able to break dogs as well as those men of former days. But the tendency of our times is rather to overdo everything. The modern keeper has such multifarious duties to perform that he finds little time for the breaking of dogs, and professional trainers are now wont to over-burden themselves with too many dogs, and consequently turn out annually a great number which cannot be called perfectly-broken animals. The modern idea seems to be that, if a dog is moderately steady, and will retrieve things which in the majority of cases his owner could himself find, this dog is a saleable article. And, unfortunately, this is often a fact. It must not, however, be assumed from this statement that the writer presumes there are not still some among our leading sportsmen who know what a good dog should be capable of doing in the field, and who will have the real thing. Also there are still some who can find time to break their own dogs, and who even do so with success; but, alas! they are few in number, and their names are often household words among the lovers of good-dogs. At the big shoots of the present day many of the guns are accompanied by a dog, and in most cases at every stand we see the retriever fastened by means of a leash to its owner or his loader, thereby clearly demonstrating the fact that its owner is doubtful as to the dog's steadiness. After a beat is over the dog may be allowed to hunt round in the open, and as a rule contents itself by picking up a few of the most conspicuous dead birds or ground game lying close at hand. In the event of a strong-running winged bird being lost, the services of a keeper and his dog are generally requisitioned, on the plea that we must move quickly to the next drive or that the dog cannot be trusted to follow a runner for fear of its doing

mischievous to another beat. It is undoubtedly the modern big shoots which have been to a great extent responsible for making many of the present shooting-men either careless of the performances of their dogs or ignorant of the capabilities and necessary qualifications of what the older generation would have called a first-class retriever. On occasions when he assists in making big bags, the whole energies of a shooter are concentrated on bringing down the game, and little or no time is allowed him to help in the pick up or to devote his attention to using a good dog, even if he is provided with the necessary article. In former days, when many kinds of game were less plentiful, and one or two guns were satisfied with a small bag, probably obtained after much walking, it was important to add, if possible, every head of wounded game to the bag. Ample time was then afforded for the making and breaking of good dogs. There still remain among us a few good sportsmen, who will spend a quarter of an hour



W. A. Rouch.

TRAMP, A GOOD RETRIEVER.

Copyright.

persevering with their dogs on the line of a running bird rather than move on to fresh grounds and thus lose the runner. If, perchance, it happens that their patience is rewarded by finding the bird, it affords them more genuine satisfaction, and does a young dog more good, than the killing of a dozen more birds in the same space of time would have done. Such men are generally the possessors of good dogs, and the reason of that fact is obvious. So many qualities are required in a dog before it can be styled a perfect retriever, and so many little acts of its owner tend to make or mar these qualities, that nothing short of continuous practice in the field and constant companionship

between master and dog will ever develop the finished article. Another thing which has of late years greatly deteriorated the working capabilities of retrievers is the introduction of a certain type of dogs for show-bench purposes. The writer is fully aware that this remark may raise a storm of criticism in certain quarters; but, in spite of this, he cannot refrain from stating that, in his opinion, a man who requires a thoroughly good dog in the field should carefully avoid purchasing an animal which is descended from a line of ancestors whose only claim to distinction lies in the fact of their successes on the show bench. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule; but the average show dog of to-day has been bred with a view to fulfilling certain theoretical principles. We shudder to think how certain peculiarities in the shape of head, the length of leg and such things as the nature of coat, etc., have been developed in these dogs. As a result, the modern show dog is in character and appearance as different from the good old-fashioned type of retriever as "chalk is from cheese." It stands to reason that dogs which are bred and carefully reared under artificial conditions develop a race of descendants



W. A. Rouch.

WELL-TRAINED.

Copyright

which are soft, and in which, from lack of use, the true hunting instinct and courage of a good working strain are rapidly becoming extinct. Of late years the field trials have been useful in showing what good dogs can do; but even these contests are of necessity very limited in their scope, and unfortunately many of our best English retrievers are never seen taking part in them.

If the writer were asked to select from any litter a puppy for his own personal use, he would choose the one which seemed the wildest and most full of devilment. Such dogs are naturally the hardest to train, but are worth all the time and trouble expended on them when once they are broken. These are the dogs for whom no day is too warm, no water too cold, or no scent too catchy for them to persevere long after their softer companions have "chucked up the sponge." For this reason, from among the many types and breeds of dogs which he has handled, the writer has a strong predilection for Labradors, since these dogs appear to be above all others the hardest and most untiring workers. Furthermore, he maintains a great liking for a short-legged type of dogs, which are enabled to get through or under the thickest hedges and undergrowth quicker than the larger dogs. They have also usually more stamina than big dogs, and, owing to the fact that their noses are closer to the ground, they seem to work steadier and to be less liable to overrun the line of scent than the long-legged type of dogs, which latter are often given to galloping wildly about with their heads up, and ranging far wider than is either necessary or desirable. Perhaps one of the most efficacious methods of ensuring steadiness in a young dog is to constantly practise it in the simple art of lying down, so that, if spoken to by name and told to sit down, the dog will instantly do so, and, if required, will remain alone even for hours, lying beside such things as a gun, stick, or even a handkerchief belonging to its master. By this means it is perfectly possible to use two dogs simultaneously in the field, as, if they are perfectly broken, one will lie down while the other is working.

It is very unusual to find a distinct type of dogs which are true bred and yet owe their origin to nothing more than descent from an ancestor which was merely a freak in a true and pure bred class of retrievers. It is, therefore, all the more remarkable when we find two such distinct breeds of dogs existing to-day in the same kennels. On the estate of Mr. C. J. Radclyffe, at Hyde in Dorsetshire, a visitor may see a pure white breed of the old-fashioned, long, wavy-coated retrievers. Mr. Radclyffe has kept for more than forty-five years a well-known breed of these wavy-coated dogs, which until a certain date



W. A. Rouch.

BEN (YELLOW LABRADOR).

Copyright.

were all black. A matter of ten or twelve years ago, in certain of the litters sired by one particular dog, one or more of the puppies were born pure white in colour. This dog was a pure-bred scion of the old breed, and there was no chance of there being any mongrel blood in his veins. The owner carefully preserved all such white puppies, and in course of time hoped to perpetuate a breed of white dogs by breeding from his favourite white dog Gipsy. But out of the first forty-six puppies sired by this dog from black mothers not one of the pups was white. On the other hand, some of the white bitches had whole litters of white puppies. And, by breeding from white dogs and bitches, which were of necessity in the first instance rather closely related to each other, Mr. Radclyffe has been able to establish a breed of these dogs, which it is hoped in future will breed descendants true in colour to their white parents. Naturally, it may be presumed that occasionally certain puppies in some litters will throw back to the black colour of their ancestors. In the same kennels at Hyde may also be seen the rare sight of a breed of pure yellow Labradors. These dogs are owned by Captain C. E. Radclyffe, and, like the above-mentioned white retrievers, they owe their origin to a freak. In one litter sired by a celebrated black Labrador owned by Captain Radclyffe there were two yellow puppies, a dog and a bitch. By breeding from this yellow dog, named Ben, his owner has now



W. A. Rouch.

GIPSY'S HEAD.

Copyright.

collected a splendid kennel of yellow dogs; and, curious to say, unlike the white retriever, Gipsy, quite 75 per cent. of the puppies by this yellow Labrador are true to the colour of their sire, even when he is mated with a black bitch. Their owner has not been experimenting long enough to prove whether or no by interbreeding with the young yellow Labradors he will be able to perpetuate the breed, but he has every confidence that such will prove to be the case. In support of this theory he quotes an instance of where a light-coloured and almost white Labrador bitch, owned by the Hon. Francis Dawnay, was mated with the yellow dog Ben, and all the puppies were either yellow or white in colour. It is noteworthy that none of these white or yellow dogs is an albino as regards the colour of its eyes, etc., and, moreover, they are as good workers in the field as were their black ancestors. It seems a pity that these dogs cannot be exhibited on the show bench, in order that the sporting public may see how very picturesque and handsome they are in appearance; but it is understood that some rule prohibits judges from awarding prizes to any such dogs unless they are black in colour. It is believed that these two breeds of retrievers are unique, and, needless to remark, their respective owners consider them to be priceless, consequently none of them has ever been sold.

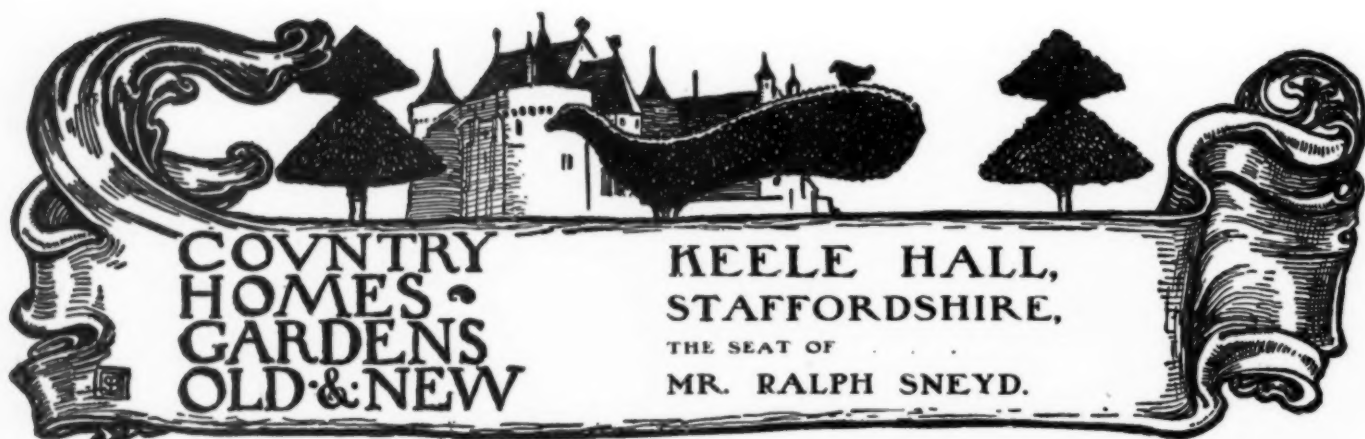
R.



W. A. Rouch.

GIPSY.

Copyright.



THOUGH tenanted to-day by the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the manor of Keele has never changed owners since it passed into lay hands at the Dissolution of the Monasteries. Nor was this an early event in the history of the family which then acquired it, for the Sneyds are a very old Staffordshire family. Indeed, Burke would have us believe that a grandson of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, was lord of Auditheley, married a granddaughter of Richard the Good, Duke of Normandy, and that his many manors saw no change of ownership at the Conquest time. But Cockayne finds that the Saxon, Gamul, whom the Domesday Surveyors found holding these lands, was murdered by the son of one Adam, to whom Henry I. had granted the manors of Auditheley and others in Staffordshire, and that the murderer was fined in 1130. It is from this new family of de Auditheley, or Audley, as it came to be written, that the Sneyds descend, Richard, a cadet of the house in the time of Henry III., taking name from the lands of "Sned," which he held under his cousin, the head of the de Auditheley house. Sneyd is part of Burslem in the Pottery district, where also is Tunstall, and at Tunstall the Sneyds are soon found residing, having acquired land there by marriage. At Poitiers, Richard de Tunstall de Sneyde fought under his kinsman, the Lord Audley, and thereafter added a fleur-de-lys to his arms, which had previously only borne a scythe, whose handle is called *sneed*. In the next generation the Lord Audley granted to the Sneyds his lands

in Bradwell, which was the chief seat in Tunstall parish, and here they established themselves, and have been of Bradwell ever since.

Like many other of the smaller gentry in the Tudor age, it was by trade and by law that the Sneyds sought to increase their fortunes, so that Erdeswick, the Elizabethan historian of Staffordshire, who died in the same year as his Queen, gives the title of "the Raiser of that House" to William Sneyd, Mayor of Chester in the early years of Henry VIII., whose son Richard became Recorder of that city and, being a man of wealth, bred his heir to the profession of arms. He became Sir William and fought with King Hal, and afterwards with Protector Somerset when he defeated the Scots at Pinkie in 1547. He sought to turn the gold earned in Chester into additional acres in his own county, a thing easily and profitably to be done by a soldier-courtier at the time when Church lands were to be had cheap by those who knew the ropes. So, in 1545, he got a grant of Keele, which had been a part of the great parish of Newcastle-under-Lyme, lying three miles south-west thereof, and which had belonged of old to the Knights Templars, and, after their abolition, to the Knights Hospitallers, until they also ceased to be, so far as England was concerned, four years before Sir William's purchase. Bradwell, however, remained the chief seat of Sir William, who was sheriff of his county both under Edward VI. and under Mary. But soon after his death in 1571 his son Ralph decided that Keele was a proper place at



Copyright.

ENTRANCE.

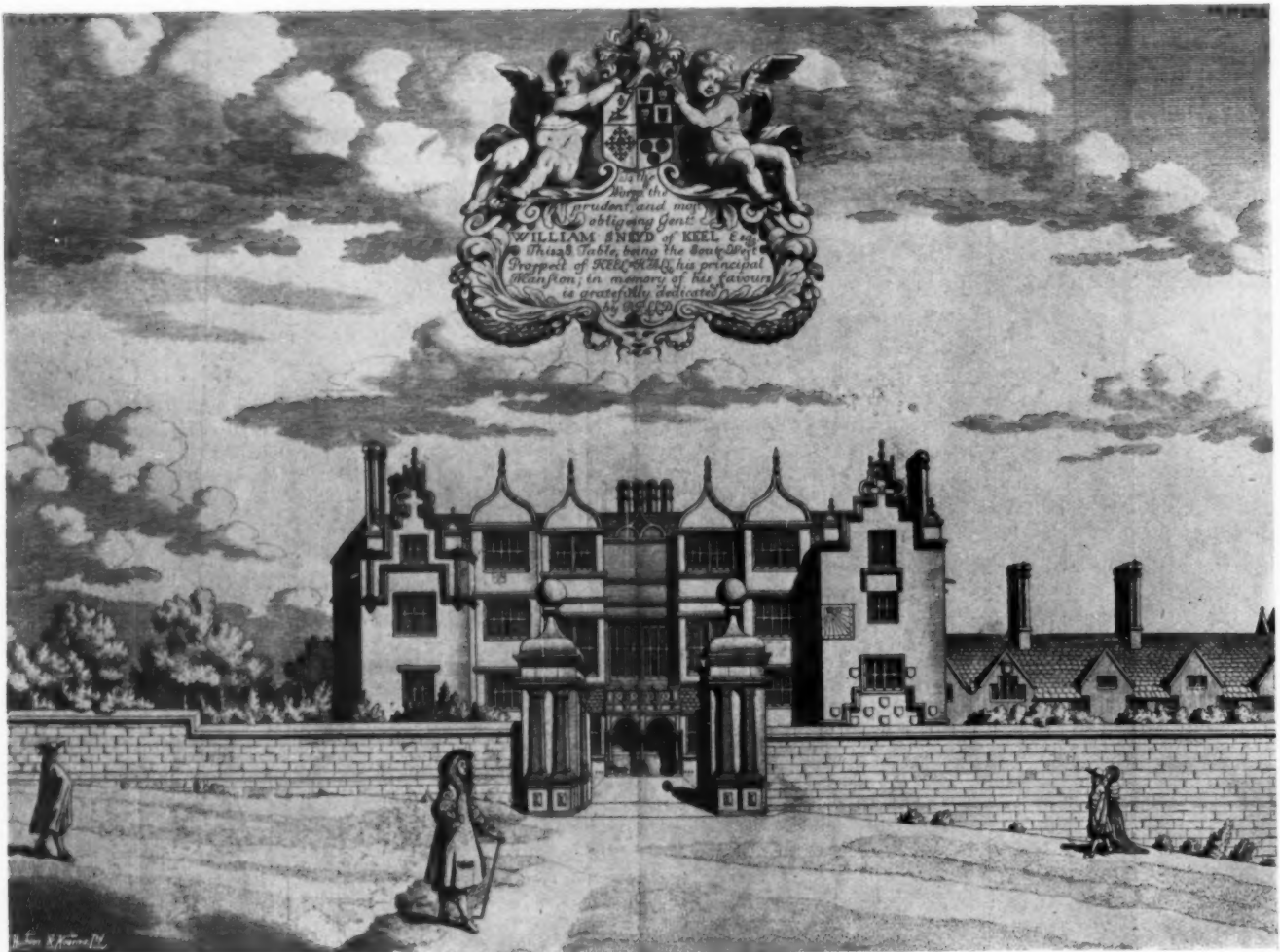
"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

PART OF THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



KEELE HALL IN 1677 (THE SOUTH-WEST FRONT).



Copyright.

KEELE HALL: PRESENT SOUTH-WEST FRONT.

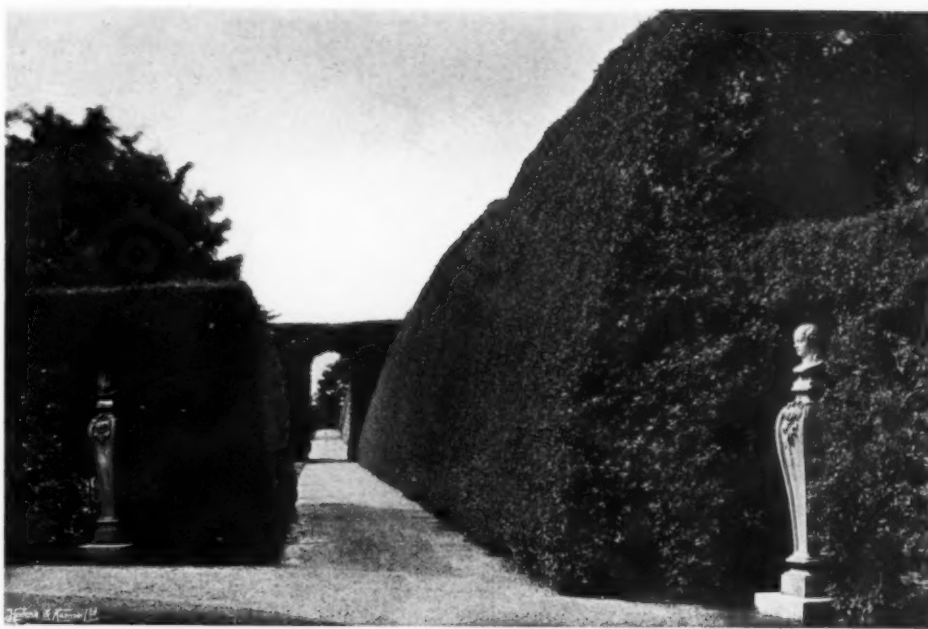
The end gables preserve the shape and outline of the original sixteenth century gables.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which to erect one of the spacious homes which in his day began to adorn Staffordshire as richly as any other county. His contemporary, Sampson Erdeswick, was therefore able to write in his "Survey" that "more than a mile from Newcastle westward stands Keele where Ralph Sneyd hath built a very proper and fine House of Stone." Ralph married Thomas Chetwynd's daughter, of Ingestre, where another stately house was built in this age, which was to pass to the Talbots, and to fall a victim to fire in our own

day; whereas the old house at Keele has suffered from the almost more destructive results of repeated "improvements" in both the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Under this first of a long succession of Ralph Sneyds, the fortunes of the family were at their highest and their acres most numerous, the loss of many of which, in the half-century which followed his death, being the price paid by his son and grandsons for their loyalty to the Crown. The second Ralph sat for his county in the Long Parliament, but died in 1643, before the dark days fell upon the Cavaliers and involved so many of them in ruin, as it did his eldest son, the third Ralph Sneyd. He, also, had a seat in the Long Parliament, but shortly left the Senate House, with others of the loyal minority, and drew the sword, holding a colonelcy in the Royal Army. Soon after he succeeded to the estates Staffordshire was lost to the King, and the Parliamentarians, sitting in committee at Stafford, worked their will with the Sneyd estates, which are frequently referred to in their journal, especially in the winter of 1645. On January 10th it is ordered that "Mr. Sneyde's house at Keel be made indefensible for a



Copyright

EAST END OF HOLLY HEDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

garrison." They had evidently already occupied and ransacked it, for three days later Mrs. Sneyd is to be allowed to have "her husband's trunks and all the clothes and other things therein, saving a scarf and belt and some small trifles taken out at the first opening of the trunks, she paying XII in hand and XXXII this day se'night." Her husband was considered one of the worst delinquents, and extreme measures are to be taken. Keele is to be demolished, and the best terms Mrs. Sneyd can at first get is that she and

her children "may have liberty to come to dwell with her mother-in-law at Norton farm; she behaving herself as she ought to do." By March 1st, however, some satisfactory negotiations seem to take place, so that Keele is not destroyed after all; but Mrs. Sneyd is allowed to "peaceably hold and enjoy" all the estate of her husband for one year on payment of £400 to the sequestrators. Within the next few years she appears to have lost the children mentioned above, as well as her husband, for the latter was killed in the Isle of Man in 1650, never having made his peace with the Commonwealth, and was succeeded by his brother William, who, sitting in the Restoration Parliament, complained that Colonel Ralph has spent £20,000 in the Royal cause. The debts and losses of the estate were the probable cause of his abstaining from the rebuilding activities which were so general under Charles II. Bradwell, though the deer park was for some time retained, was allowed to go to ruin; and Keele, though the traces of Cromwellian occupation and destruction must have needed much effacing, retained the full Elizabethan flavour which appears in the reproduction given of a contemporary engraving.



Copyright.

THE LOVERS' GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE GREAT HOLLY HEDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

COMPANION TO THE GREAT HOLLY HEDGE. "COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

ENTRANCE DRIVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Robert Plot was a notable man in the early days of the Royal Society, whose secretary he at one time was. But he was also Professor of Chemistry and Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and planned a philosophical tour throughout England and Wales, but performed a small section only of his great scheme. His "Natural History of Oxfordshire," with excellently engraved plates of its chief houses by Burghers, was published in 1677; and somewhat later, on the invitation of Thomas Chetwynd of Ingestre, he spent much time in Staffordshire, whose "Natural History" he published in 1686. Science was none too critical in those days, and Plot seems to have had much receptive innocence. He was much liked by the Staffordshire squires, who thought him a great joke, and for years afterwards boasted how they had "humbugged old Plot." There is, however, nothing to make us think that William Sneyd made fun of the worthy professor in giving him information as to Keele's industry of frying-pan-making—an art in those days of handwork "so difficult that a Novice many times is little the better though he serve a double *Apprenticeship* to it; and so ingenious and, indeed, wonderful that I thought it incredible what I heard related of it." The difficulty seems to have been, in the various processes of hammering and heating and cooling, to prevent the metal scaling away, in which case "it will be but a thin, infirm *Pan*." The more delicate finishing work was done at Newcastle-under-Lyme, only the earlier processes being conducted at "a forge for that purpose at the parish of Keel in this County, not far from the fair Mansion of the Worshipfull and judicious *William Sneyd, Esq.*," to whom the plate of the "South-West Prospect of Keel Hall, his principal Mansion, in memory of his favours is gratefully dedicated by R. P. LL.D." It will be seen to represent an Elizabethan E-shaped house, whose wing gables are very elaborately outlined, while the four dormer gables of the body of the house are far simpler. Under the attic window of one of these is a panel containing the date 1581, while on the gable of the wing on the right-hand side is another panel containing the initials R. S. and M. S., for Ralph Sneyd and Margaret his wife. The character of the wing gables has been preserved to our day, but these historic indications no longer exist, for the rest of this façade has been entirely altered by bringing the body of the house forward almost level with the wings. The alterations were carried out at three different times by three different owners. After the death in 1695 of the "most obliging gent" who had given such assistance to Dr. Plot, there followed, in the ownership of Keele, three generations of Ralph Sneyds, the last of whom, as well as his son and successor Walter, took wife from his neighbours at Blithfield, which accounts for a shield of Sneyd impaling Bagot appearing over the south entrance when William Pitt, a well-known agricultural authority and reporter to the Board of Agriculture in the early years of the nineteenth century, visited Keele before publishing his "Topographical History of Staffordshire" in 1817. He tells us that "the South front was altered by the late Ralph Sneyd, but the upper part of the wings of that front still retains much of the same figure and plan as that engraved in Plot." He then adds that Walter Sneyd (who had succeeded his father in 1793 and lived till 1829) had "erected a handsome new West front of the same stone (the red sandstone of the

vicinity) which is embattled and adorned with four octagon embattled turrets." These early Gothic revival "adornments" were not approved of as the nineteenth century went on, and Walter's successor Ralph very largely rebuilt the whole house before his death in 1870, from designs by Anthony Salvin. Although a pupil of John Nash, George IV.'s favourite classic architect, Salvin "became gradually recognised as the greatest authority on Mediæval military architecture," so that many of our ancient fortresses, such as The Tower, Windsor, Alnwick and Durham, passed through his hands; and he also built a new castle at Peckforton "in the strictest Plantagenet manner."

But for ordinary domestic purposes he followed Elizabethan models, preferring the most ornate and eccentric and least native and successful examples. Harlaxton Hall is the most ambitious of these creations of Salvin on the Wollaton lines. Keele is far quieter and better, although, even as it is, we may be allowed to regret the pleasant, shapely and modest manor house which stood here 200 years ago. The house stands on an eminence half a mile from the village—where the Ralph Sneyd who employed Salvin on the house rebuilt the church in 1868—and is surrounded by a well-timbered park of 600 acres. A hundred years ago the grounds were described as being "embellished with flourishing groves and plantations, and a building or summer-house, noticed on most maps, called the Pavilion." To-day their most remarkable feature is the imposing size and restrained dignity of the topiary work, of which a huge and ancient hedge, 612ft. long and 23ft. in height, is the dominating note. These illustrations adequately represent its stateliness and its value in conjunction with the lesser hedges and the archways, the detached clipped bushes and the well chosen and placed statuary, which give so much character and charm to these gardens, in whose fighouse flourishes and freely fruits the famous tree with seven varieties of figs grafted on it, which is believed to be an unique example. T.



Copyright

ON THE HALL STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

SPORT IN NORWAY.—II.

IN my last article brief mention was made of the sport enjoyed in some of the well-known rivers of Central and Northern Norway during the season of 1907. In reference to this part of the subject I am constrained to make further short mention of the Gula or "Yellow" River, so-called from the formation of its rocky bed, which, presumably from some iron or other chemical element, gives a yellow tinge to its clear-running water. As will be seen, I mention Gula not only on its particular merits, but also in order to point a moral and adorn a tale. Sport on Gula, which runs north into Trondhjem Fjord, was better in 1907 than for some years past, particularly in July and August. Among other items of interest, a friend of mine wrote me that he hooked a 36-pounder in July on the Langletet beat, on fly and single gut, that took him a mile and a half down stream and over 3hr. of time before being eventually

gaffed. The friend was no tyro at the sport, but the candid critic might, nevertheless, say that no 36-pounder, fairly hooked, ought to have taken anything like 3hr. to land. I give the incident as an example of how Gula fish can play. Years ago I remember a 16lb. Gula fish, fairly hooked, taking me 3hr. to kill. I have never played so stubborn a fish. The strength and rapidity of Gula streams have something to do with the sporting nature of its salmon.

This river has always been a great favourite of mine, though for some years past its sport has declined. From Støren up to Ramlo Foss, a distance of about forty miles, there is a

fine succession of good fishing pools and streams, with rocky lies such as salmon love to dwell in. Possibly the training that Gula fish get in running up the rapids above Støren has also something to do with their fighting qualities. The spawning-beds of the upper river, below Ramlo Foss, which is impassable for salmon, are most excellent, which accounts, no doubt, for sport of any kind being still obtainable on Gula; and herein comes the burden of my tale. The river is, and has been for many years, grossly over-netted, not only at the mouth, but also for some miles up. It has been stated on good authority that these river nets alone take salmon to the value of some thousands of pounds sterling every year (I quote from memory), and Mr. James Dowell, who has all the facts and figures, made a laudable attempt last year to buy up the river nets. Unfortunately, the scheme, a costly one, fell through for want of support. I hope it will yet be successfully attempted. But the situation may be summarised thus: If Gula, when greatly over-netted over a long series of years, can still yield fair to middling sport, what would it not do if the salmon were given a fair

chance to run every year and so duly propagate their kind in reasonable proportion? Gula River, of course, is not an exceptional case. There are many other rivers treated in like manner. I merely mention it as a case with which I am personally well acquainted. It can be safely laid down as a general principle that no salmon river, even the most prolific, can ever do itself justice and maintain its natural standard of sport if there is netting up its length as well as at its mouth. And this general statement applies even more forcibly to Norwegian than to British rivers, owing to the greater length of Norwegian fjords, which give greater facilities for sea-netting. But, until the Millennium arrives, and the (piscatorial) lions and lambs lie down together, it is, I suppose, a hopeless task ever to try to induce sea-fishermen and riparian owners to act together in harmonious concord. Only Government authority can hope to hold an equitable balance between these two rival interests. The same difficulty exists in respect to our own inland fisheries. But this is another story. Meanwhile a tribute of thanks is due from all interested in Norwegian salmon-fishings, both sportsmen and also Norwegian commercial owners, to Colonel Bromley Davenport, President of the Anglo-Norwegian Fishermen's Association, for his recent efforts to maintain proper legislative protection for Scandinavian salmon rivers. I understand he went over specially to Norway early

last year, and by his successful advocacy managed, or largely helped at all events, to maintain the present two days a week legislative close time for sea-salmon nets. An agitation had been got up, partly political, no doubt, to cut down this close time, and so to increase in still greater degree the general over-netting of salmon in Norwegian fjords. Fortunately the agitation proved unsuccessful. I believe I am doing the average Norwegian Parliamentarian no injustice when I say that he is neither a sportsman nor a naturalist, and knows nothing of the possible great injury which still threatens the valuable inland fisheries of Norway. It was even seriously contended by some of them that salmon did not ascend rivers to spawn, but only because they were chased up the said rivers by whales and other sea-pirates. Therefore, they argued, let netting gaily proceed. Rivers or no rivers, salmon will continue to exist and to breed in the sea, and river-mouth netting will do no real harm. It is, of course, impossible to argue with this kind of wiseacre. If they had their way, many English lessees would no doubt throw up their leases or decline to renew them; the riparian farmers would again take to netting their respective stretches of river and in a few years good Norwegian salmon-fishing would be a thing of the past. Should such a day arrive, injury, direct material injury, measurable in currency, will have been inflicted on Norwegian national assets that a subsequent quarter of a century of sane protective legislation might be unable to repair. But it is not our intention to paint too gloomy a forecast.

How is it Norwegian salmon-fishing is still fairly good, and in some cases excellent? the friendly critic may ask. One answer is, that the rivers of Scandinavia are, naturally, marvellous salmon-producers and are capable of standing a great deal of maltreatment for many years. The process of deterioration is a slow and gradual one. Another and more general answer is that the temptation to over-net has only arisen in comparatively recent times, when improved means of transport and the art of packing salmon in ice or in refrigerators on board the steamboats have enlarged markets and improved prices. There is, however, good reason to believe that the general body of Norwegian farmers and riparian owners are fairly well alive to the absolute necessity of adequately protecting the salmon that ascend the many splendid rivers of Norway for spawning purposes. Also that the sea and fjord netting must be kept within reasonable bounds. This body of farmers have made their influence felt, and they will continue, no doubt, to do all they can to protect what is to them a most valuable asset. Their fishing rents are an important part of their livelihood; and, from a business and national point of view, the salmon-fishings of Norway are, after all, not a British but a Scandinavian affair. There exists, however, a natural and strong community of interest between Anglo-Norwegian lessees, keen for holiday sport, and the said Norwegian lessors whose leased property may be threatened. Therefore, may we always, for their sake and ours, in season and out of season, persist in advocating the effective and continued protection of the salmon rivers that we love so well.

HENRY SETON-KARR.

IN THE GARDEN.

SWEET PEAS.

AMONG the most beautiful and popular of hardy annual and, we may say, of all flowers, the Rose excepted, is the Sweet Pea, which may now be purchased in almost bewildering variety. Few flowers reflect the skill and enthusiasm of the raiser more than this, and there are still fresh colours to acquire before one can say the work of the hybridist is finished. A correspondent writes for a list of varieties classified according to colours, and as this is the season for sowing, others probably desire the same information. Of the white Sweet Peas, I think Dorothy Eckford is still the most beautiful; at least, none could compare with it last year in my garden. The flower is of exceptional purity, and the sturdy stems are burdened with bloom. Nora Unwin is another white

Sweet Pea of great beauty; and of the yellow colour—not perhaps a true yellow, but approaching that shade—is the Hon. Mrs. E. Kenyon, and another attractive variety is Lady M. Ormesby Gore. From the collection of blue varieties choose Horace Wright, one of the most recent additions, Romolo Piazzani, Captain of the Blues and Navy Blue; of blush, Eliza Eckford, Agnes Johnston and Duchess of Sutherland; maroon, Duke of Westminster, Black Knight and Othello; pink, Countess Spencer, Queen of Spain, Gladys Unwin, Bolton's Pink, Prima Donna, Lovely and Countess of Lathom, scarlet, Scarlet Gem and Prince Edward of York; rose, Lord Kenyon, Phyllis Unwin, Prince of Wales, Lord Rosebery and E. J. Castle; red, Coccinea; mauve, Dorothy Tennant and Walter Wright; orange, Gorgeous, Evelyn Byatt, St. George



E. J. Wallis.

GROUPING OF FLOWERS BY WATER-SIDE.

Copyright

(one of the most famous of the Sweet Peas, shown for the first time last year), Helen Lewis, Miss Willmott, Chancellor and Lady Mary Currie; bright crimson, King Edward VII., Mars and Salopian; and then, in other classes, one may mention Jeannie Gordon, the flower creamy rose; Gracie Greenwood, of a similar shade; Venus, a mingling of buff, pink and salmon; Dora Breadmore, pink and white; David R. Williamson, indigo; Lottie Eckford, mauve, margined with white; Dainty, white, with pink edge; and of the striped flowers, which we care least for, Helen Pierce, America, Aurora, Senator and Prince of Wales. My favourite colour among Sweet Peas is lavender, and of this shade I give first place to Lady Grisel Hamilton, which belongs, as the Sweet Pea specialist says, to the "giant-flowered type"; the colour is very beautiful, and no variety is more welcome for the decoration of the table. Belonging to the same group are Countess of Radnor, one of the most sought for of all varieties, and Lady Nina Balfour. This list may not be an ideal one, but none is unworthy of a place in the garden of an enthusiastic lover of flowers. When the wish of the Sweet Pea-grower is to achieve distinction at the exhibition, and there is a society in existence devoted to this flower alone, special ways of cultivation must be adopted. I have never grown the plant with this object, but sown early in March in well-tilled soil and never allowed the seedlings to crowd each other. When the garden was first made, there was a walk through the kitchen plots, and on either side Sweet Peas were sown, with the delightful result of a sweet-smelling hedge of varied colouring. This gave almost as much pleasure as the pergola, which now occupies the same position, and this year sowings will be made by the side of other paths to fill the air with scent in the drowsy summer evenings, when the whole garden is perfumed with the fragrance of flowers. The best results undoubtedly come from sowing the seeds in February, five to each 5in. pot, and raising the seedlings in a cold frame or a greenhouse. The strength of the growth is astonishing, and by May the plants will be ready to go to the borders or wherever they are intended to flower. One of the most important details in the cultivation is to admit plenty of air when the seedlings have grown about 2in. high, and also light to create a sturdy growth. Anything approaching a forcing temperature will end in absolute failure. During the summer months, especially on a hot and dry soil such as I have to contend with, mulching with well-rotted manure is of inestimable value, and without it I should never have had the strong growth and wealth of bloom which has favoured me since I grew this beautiful flower. Mulching minimises the watering and the manure strengthens the roots. Another essential detail is the removal of dead and decaying flowers. Nothing interrupts the flow of flowers more than allowing seed-pods to form, and this one can well understand. The plant cannot bear a double burden—flower and seed production.

C.

PERENNIAL FLOWERS FOR EARLY SPRING PLANTING.

IN cold Northern gardens, or any that are much exposed to bitter winds, in gardens of heavy damp soil, or those that are shaded and draughty, March is a safer month than November, or even October, for the planting of perennials. There are besides various herbaceous plants of somewhat tender nature, such as Delphiniums, Penstemons and Clematises, which are usually spring planted, the last being generally not dealt with until May. However, we have found Clematises thrive safely if planted in March, mulched thickly with cinders, and protected thoroughly from base to top with Bracken Fern, this being lighter to tie round the branches than the usual matting. Delphiniums and Penstemons should be similarly mulched after planting. Besides florist's Delphiniums there are some charming species: *D. brunonianum*, only 1ft. tall, and bright blue, musk-scented; *D. cashmirianum*, $\frac{3}{4}$ ft. higher, may be had in pale blue or white; *D. Duhmbergi*, 3ft. high, gives branching spikes of violet. Then the scarlet small-blooming but effective *Delphinium cardinale* should be in every garden. The hybrid Penstemons are very beautiful, but there are equally constant blooming distinct sorts of real value; for example, *Penstemon Cobaea*, the white and purple bell-flowers of which are very fine;

P. acuminatus, magenta-violet in long spikes; *P. Gordoni splendens*, a tall-growing deep blue; and the pure white *P. levigatus*, which is exceptionally meritorious as a cut flower. The erect, as distinct from the climbing, Clematises are sadly neglected, yet only require patronage to prove what valuable effects they give in beds and borders. One of the prettiest is *Clematis davidiana*, a Chinese plant, the flowers of which are blue and sweetly scented. Better known is *C. recta*, which is rather taller, being a 4ft. plant; this has white flowers in groups.

C. integrifolia resembles it, except that the blossoms are fewer, but larger. *Corcopsis grandiflora* is somewhat too delicate for autumn planting, yet will live on year after year when once established, and in cold gardens can be safeguarded annually by an October cinder mulch. Its large golden-coloured blossoms are very handsome and last long in water. *C. lanceolata*, a slightly paler yellow, blooms even more freely; these are 3ft. plants, while *C. palmata*, a variety with charming foliage, is only 18in. high. Gaillardias have plenty of time to develop and bloom the same year when planted in March, and of these florist's varieties offer a wide choice. Hardy Geraniums should also be got into permanent quarters in the sunniest parts of beds, borders, or rockeries. The popular *G. pratense* is of so rich a blue-violet that when massed it gives a rare display of colour. *G. ibericum*, a brilliant violet, is also good, while in the lesser *G. Endressi*, only 1ft. tall, we have one of the gayest rose shades known among blossoms. Of late more attention has rightly been called to the Glauciums, *G. flavum* being the yellow Horn Poppy. *G. flavum tricolor* is a variety of this, in which the yellow is replaced by orange, vermillion and black; there is also a gay orange species known as *Glaucium Fischeri*; this is only 18in. tall, whereas the two others are often more than 3ft. Sunshine is essential for these, but, given this, they generally thrive. *Hibiscus militaris* is a grand, tall Mallowwort, with bright pink flowers and fine foliage. As it flourishes best in a damp soil it should be always cultivated in moist gardens, and chosen for ornamenting the margins of lakes, ponds and streams anywhere. *Incarvilleas* should be planted late in March, when danger of severe frosts is past. Once established they prove permanent in gardens of average warmth. Besides the familiar rose-magenta *I. Delavayi* there is *I. Olga*, 3ft. instead of 2ft. high, with smaller blossoms of similar shade, but most elegantly cut-out foliage. A dwarf plant, less than 1ft. high, is *I. grandiflora*, a big bloomer of deep rose. *Linum monogynum*, a snow-white Flax, is one of those tall, slender-growing flowers that make perfectly graceful table decorations set in slim-necked glass vases with only grasses. All varieties of Michaelmas Daisies succeed well when planted during this month; so also Sunflowers and outdoor Chrysanthemums. All the above-mentioned perennials can be relied upon to furnish borders charmingly.

AMONG THE ROSES.

Within the next fortnight the soil heaped around the base of the plants may be removed, as any frost we are likely to experience after this will not prove harmful. It will be interesting to examine the growth and see what damage the severe frosts of December and January have inflicted. The collection in the garden of the writer seems practically uninjured, but the plants have been well protected, and on a dry hilltop frost has not the same influence as in the valley. The end of March will be sufficiently early to begin pruning, which will be described at that time. Where it was impossible to plant in autumn, the best season for the work, planting may be done now with, if care is taken, every prospect of a good display of flowers in summer.

VARIETIES OF THE LOCUST TREE.

Last week we described the Locust Tree itself, but a correspondent asks for a description of the varieties, which we here append:

R. Pseudacacia is most frequently met with as a tree 40ft. to 60ft. high, though in Kentucky and Tennessee, where it usually attains its largest dimensions, it is said to grow to a height of 80ft. with a trunk diameter of 4ft. The branches are spiny and the leaves of a fresh, delicate shade of green. The flowers are white and fragrant, and are borne profusely in drooping racemes in June. A great many varieties are in cultivation, and of them the following have been selected as being the best for general purposes:

R. P. decussata.—A distinct variety which produces larger leaves than the type and fine racemes of pink flowers; it grows vigorously, and a form called *flore-rubra*, which has deeper-coloured flowers, is also an excellent tree.

R. P. fastigiata.—This forms a distinct break from other varieties, and is similar in growth to that of the Lombardy Poplar. It is useful to plant as a relief among trees with round heads.

R. P. aurea.—Where a break of colour is required in the garden this variety may be used, for the leaves are of a pretty golden colour.



DOROTHY PERKINS ROSE OVER PILLAR.

R. P. inermis is a spineless variety of slow growth, often used, grafted on tall stems, to form mop-headed specimens for small gardens. It stands cutting back well.

R. P. Rehderi.—This is a dwarf variety of slow growth, forming a miniature tree from a few feet to 15ft. or so high.

R. P. monophylla.—The chief characteristic of this is that the number of leaflets are greatly reduced, while those that are left are very large. Sometimes only one leaflet appears, at others three, and sometimes an indefinite number, but never many. It is a very effective variety and generally admired. There is a form with similar leaves, but with secondary branches of a pendulous character; if anything, it is the more desirable of the two.

R. P. robusta Vignei.—This variety is conspicuous among others by reason of the peculiar lightness and grace of the foliage. The leaves are as long as those of the type, but neater and more delicate. It forms an excellent lawn tree.

R. neo-mexicana.—In dealing with the False Acacias it would not do to omit this tree, which is little known but highly ornamental and vigorous. It is found in Colorado and New Mexico, and forms a good-sized tree with pinnate leaves 1ft. in length, and dense racemes of rose-coloured flowers. The flowering season is June, but a second display appears with the secondary growth in August.

PLANTING BY WATER-SIDE.

The illustration on a previous page represents the lake in the Royal Gardens, Kew, when the plants by the water edge are in full beauty. We know of few gardens, public or private, in which moisture-loving plants—the *Irises*, *Leucostrifes*, *Phloxes* and the many kinds mentioned in *COUNTRY LIFE* (page 104)—have been planted with greater success; it is not the actual vigour of growth that interests one, but the free informal groups—masses of colour in the various flowering seasons. For further information on water-side gardens we refer our readers to the page mentioned.

DOROTHY PERKINS ROSE.

One is never tired of writing about this delightful Rose, which is seen in the illustration growing on a pillar. Its flowers are of the purest rose,

dainty clusters, which linger far into the autumn, even appearing after the first frosts. No Rose flowers last longer in beauty on the plant itself, and this, together with its late blooming, make it one of the sweetest Rose companions in our garden. This note is appropriate now, as planting can take place in March with every prospect of an abundance of bloom in summer.

CORRESPONDENCE

A THUJA HEDGE.

SIR,—Being a reader of your interesting paper, I am tempted to ask for advice, which I trust you will find it convenient to give in your columns. My query is—How far apart ought *Thuja occidentalis* to be planted to make a high hedge along the margin of a wood?—J. PITCAIRN-KNOWLES.

[To form a hedge, good bushy, well-rooted plants of *Thuja occidentalis*, about 3ft. high, may be planted 18in. apart. Plants of this size transplant better and grow away more freely afterwards than larger and older ones. The first important step in the formation of a hedge is the thorough preparation of the ground, as without this success cannot be looked for. The line of the proposed hedge having been marked out, the ground should be trenched about 4ft. broad by 2ft. deep, the surface soil being placed in the bottom, grass side downwards, as this in time decays and affords nourishment for the roots. If the soil is of a good loamy nature this will suffice, but if it is poor, some well-decayed manure and loam should be mixed with it. If planted now, the hedge should not be trimmed at all this year; but it must be done late in the spring of next year and annually afterwards. *Thuja occidentalis* has a tendency to run up thin, hence in trimming the leading shoots should be cut back to encourage a bushy growth. If this plant is allowed to become at all ragged it is almost impossible to bring it into condition again. Owing to this, although the main trimming should be done late in spring, if the plants are growing freely they may with advantage be gone over in August, and any shoots that show a tendency to become loose should be shortened back.—ED.]

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

NESTING OF THE HERON.

NEXT to the golden eagle, the heron is probably the earliest nesting bird in this country, and after a fine winter many of the birds return to the nesting colony in early February. It is to be regretted, however, that in the majority of heronries the number of birds is gradually decreasing every spring, though from what cause is rather doubtful. On February 8th, on visiting a favourite nesting site of these birds I did not actually see any herons about, but from feathers on the branches I have no doubt that the birds had been to the nesting haunt but a short time previously. This particular heronry consists of about twenty pairs of birds, and these nest in absolute security, as the trees are quite devoid of branches until near the top. One tree, however—a deal spruce—is a notable exception, and can be climbed with the greatest ease. A pair of herons had a nest containing a couple of full-fledged young in this tree when I first noticed it; but apparently because I had climbed the tree and disturbed their young, the old birds never returned to the nest after that season, although very often a pair of herons will utilise the same nest spring after spring. Another curious point I have observed in connection with this heronry is that the birds are gradually building their nests further to the west and forsaking those at the east of the wood. Although the heron—known to the Scotch as the craggit-heron—does not begin nest-building so early as the golden eagle, the eggs are laid much about the same time, that is, about the middle of March, and as early as April 8th I have seen young herons lying dead at the foot of a tree, having been blown out of the nest by a strong gale of wind. The heron, as a matter of fact, builds a very shallow nest, and during any strong wind eggs and young run a great risk of being pitched out of the nest; in fact, the nests themselves are not infrequently blown down. The young birds are fed liberally on fish, frogs, etc., but nevertheless grow slowly, and the majority are still in the nest in July. The usual note of the parent birds is a very harsh “crank, crank,” but at times when at the heronry they utter a very remarkable call sounding exactly like the clicking of a reaper. This note is apparently used only during the nesting season. The nest of the heron is often a very large structure, as every year the bird constructs a fresh nest on the surface of the old one, composed principally of birch twigs, the smallest branches being placed in the centre. The eggs are of a very beautiful sky blue colour and quite unspotted; usually three are found, but a clutch of four is not infrequently met with. Herons go long distances to fish, and often in the dusk of a summer's evening a pair may be seen making their way, with slow, measured wing beats to a favourite fishing-ground across a range of mountains, returning again with their catch in the “wec sma” hours.

THE SONG OF THE ROBIN.

This winter the silence of the robin has been much more prolonged than usual; in fact, not a single species did I hear in song from the beginning of winter until well on in January. At the date of writing, however, the robins are everywhere in song, and one I heard yesterday imitated the song of the chaffinch to perfection. Until the robins have paired both cock and hen sing, but at this season it is only the male bird who is heard. Although usually connected in one's mind with the habitations of men, the robin is met with in almost every part of Great Britain, and may be heard in song at a height of quite 2,000ft. above sea-level. Even during hard frost and snow the birds do not, as a rule, descend to more sheltered quarters, but sing defiance to frost and cold. During severe weather, however, they become extraordinarily tame, and after a night of snow enter the house in the morning, if a window is open, and display the utmost fearlessness, feeding on the breakfast-table quite indifferent to the other occupants of the room.

MAGPIE & SQUIRREL.

The other day I was a witness of a very amusing encounter between a squirrel and a magpie. Among the branches of an ancient oak tree, standing by itself in the centre of a field, I noticed a squirrel and magpie together. The latter seemed to be very interested in the squirrel, as every now and again it would hop enquiringly towards it; but the squirrel would then leap at the magpie, causing it to retire immediately. As far as I could make out the two were having a kind of game, as after some minutes of running backwards and forwards, the squirrel stealthily ran down the trunk of the tree, keeping the trunk between itself and the magpie. The latter watched intently for the squirrel to appear, but apparently had no idea that it had left the tree. When the squirrel reached the ground it ran across the field at top speed and hid in some trees. After a time the magpie seemed to suspect something, and, finding the squirrel had left the tree, flew across in the direction it had taken, disappearing among the trees.

FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING.

So far, February has been exceptionally genial, and already signs of spring are not wanting. On February 5th I heard the first chaffinch in song, and at the date of writing (February 10th) a great many have been heard, being the earliest record I have taken of their song. When the chaffinch first begins to sing his song is very feeble, and, as a general rule, the last part of the full song is not uttered till the bird has got into practice. At first the birds sing only during the early morning—between eight and ten—being quite silent during the rest of the day. The song-thrush, too, is rapidly finding his true form, as he has been in song now for nearly three weeks; but as yet I have not heard a single mistle-thrush, although this bird is generally the first of our songsters to be in song; once I heard one as early as January 8th. On the lochs the mallard are, for the most part, going in pairs; but the teal are still flocked, and as they rise they utter their curious vibrating, whistling note, not unlike the redshank's call. The black-headed gulls have not yet gone inland to their nesting site, but some have already donned the dark brown head which gives them their name. In many parts of the coast the eider-duck, which usually leave the district during the winter, have returned to their nesting sites, and it will not be long before golden plover and curlew arrive on the moorlands. In many gardens with a Southern exposure roses are in full bloom, with vigorous buds opening fast—an unprecedented occurrence for mid-February.

A TROUT WITH A HISTORY.

I lately had an opportunity of seeing a trout which has a most remarkable history. Some dozen years ago a keeper, being anxious to secure a specimen of a heron, got within shot of one after considerable trouble, but failed to bring it down. On going up to the spot it was found that the bird had disgorged a small trout, which it had evidently just captured. The fish was still living, and on being taken to the keeper's home and placed in a well became quite lively, and soon grew accustomed to its new surroundings. It thrived exceedingly, and now is a splendid trout well on to 1lb. in weight. The fish is fed regularly, and usually keeps at the bottom of the well, which is never, even during the most severe frosts, frozen over.

THE SPRING FISHING—ROSY PROSPECTS.

Already on the Tay and several other Scotch rivers salmon-fishing is in full swing, and so far the sport has been most satisfactory. Anglers have been very little troubled by grieve, and the water has, on the whole, been running in good trim. In the Dee there has been a very strong run of fish for the past six weeks, and by now they should be well up the river. Finnock are also running up in great numbers. Last season the spring fishing

on the upper reaches was greatly spoiled by nets, which were worked just above the tidal reaches of the river. This season, however, the nets have been bought up, and anglers are hoping for more successful results. The spring salmon average about 7lb., but afford splendid sport, and are usually very fresh run. Some of them begin to run very early in December, and, in fact, it was stated last October that several fish were captured in the lower waters which were, in reality, spring fish which had run up exceptionally early.

THE LITTLE AUK.

During the winter and early spring months large numbers of little auks visit our coasts, and are very interesting birds to have under observation.

They are usually in flocks, and keep rather far out to sea, so a good glass is essential when one is studying them. These birds keep pretty much to themselves, and, although occurring in large numbers in certain parts of the coast-line, are completely absent in others. They are scarcely half the size of the common wild duck, but appear larger than they really are when in the water, probably because of the fact that they swim high. Although occurring plentifully on our shores during the winter, they have never been known to nest as far South as the British Isles, and in a few weeks they will have left our coasts for their nesting haunts in the far North.

SETON P. GORDON.

THE WATERLOO CUP.

SELDOM, indeed, have the concluding stages of the Waterloo Cup been so full of surprises as those which were fought out last week. For once in a way Fortune was against the big battalions, and the crack greyhounds of the day went down in succession before foes who a few short hours before would have been thought almost unworthy of being slipped against them. In other respects, too, this year's Waterloo Cup will be looked back to with anything but pleasant recollections by many an owner and breeder of greyhounds. Sickness of one sort or another was rife among the kennels, dog after dog went amiss, and distemper, gastritis and influenza kept many a good dog away from the slips. At first, indeed, it seemed as though the greatest sufferer in this respect would be Mr. Hulton, for Platonic, the crack of the kennel, was not well enough to be sent to do battle, leaving Fancy Lass, the winner of the Clifton Cup, as his representative. No sooner, however, had she arrived at Formby than she, too, was found to be unfit to compete, and so Hallow Eve, the eventual winner of the Cup, was pressed into service, almost as a forlorn hope. Later on we shall come to the telling of how her victory was achieved; but here it may be said that she is now anything but a speedy bitch, for although before she ever was slipped in public she had given evidence of being possessed of the knack of going fast, a punishing bout in the days of her puppyhood took the edge off her pace. Still, she is very clever and a most determined fighter, never acknowledging herself beaten, and, into the bargain, she sticks to the "scut" with the utmost precision, so that it may, I think, be fairly said of her that if, as was certainly the case, she was favoured by Fortune, at all events her luck was well deserved and honestly earned. Dee Side was to have done duty in Mr. Mather's nomination instead of Dictatorial, whose bed he shared; but a quarrel broke out between them in the night, and Dictatorial, slipping his muzzle, worried his companion to death; an untimely end for a good dog and a severe loss to the Messrs. Dennis, for Dee Side had shown great promise at the Ridgeway October Meeting, and had, moreover, come well out of his trial.

In the first round Mr. L. Pilkington's puppy Punchestown, who had been expected to do better, was handsomely beaten by Kilby, the representative of Mr. H. Charles. The Earl of Sefton's fawn bitch, Second Barrel, was all too good for Dictatorial, owned by the Messrs. Dennis and nominated by Mr. R. V. Mather. In a good trial Honley, doing duty for Colonel Holmes, came a cropper just when it seemed as though he might have held his own with the Earl of Sefton's black bitch puppy Silhouette, who had all the best of the finish and had already made the verdict safe when she killed. Hallow Eve went to slips with Thoresby Belle, but Sir W. Ingram's bitch got away and had a course on her own account, after which she was drawn, leaving Hallow Eve to lead and beat Fancy Lass in a bye. Bachelor's Acre, sent out a picture of condition and a perfect mass of muscle, was a trifle slow in getting to work in his spin with Colonna; but he led by three lengths in the run up, and went round with his hare for the second turn, but the hare, breaking away, let in the bitch, who spoiled her chance by killing. Then with 100 to 12 laid on him, Sir Robert Jardine's crack, Long Span, ran right away from the Irish puppy Banian, and although it can hardly be said that he was ever really in command of a very strong hare, his speed kept him always in front in a fairly long trial.

In the second round Bachelor's Acre beat Hackney Wick fairly and squarely in a good trial. When High Almoner and Friendly Foe went to the slips, 10 to 1 was laid on Mr. G. F. Fawcett's dog; but, to the consternation of his backers, he faltered immediately after the delivery, leaving High Almoner to establish a lead of a couple of lengths, and although Friendly Foe picked up some of the lost ground, his opponent led him a length in the run up, and maintained possession for the second turn. The favourite then got a chance, and, getting well on to the "scut," raised the drooping hopes of his supporters; but before he had time to equalise matters High Almoner got possession again, and with a quick kill scored a most unexpected victory. Dendraspis might well have lost his course with Brian's Leap, for his running was anything but steady, though perhaps some

excuse may be found for him in the fact that he was also an inmate of the same kennel on the night that Dee Side was foully murdered by Dictatorial, and contracted a chill by taking refuge on the floor under the bench while this tragedy was in the doing. Be that as it may, in a stand-up trial it was not until the puppy began to show signs of giving way that Mr. J. E. Dennis's red dog managed to make the verdict safe. Showing fine speed, Long Span ran right away



WILKINSON, THE SLIPPER, IN THE FINAL.

from Newcastleton, but, steadying himself as he neared the hare, was content to score the first point with a three-lengths lead, and, going round in capital style, finished the spin with a clean kill. Silhouette had all her work cut out to shake off Hammerlock in the run up, but at the finish she was leading by a length. At the turn the Irish dog got an opening, and, scoring the second in clever style, looked like holding his own. But he lost his place as the hare came round, and the bitch, running on with plenty of fire, was an easy winner when she killed. The sensational episode in the third round was the tremendous severity of the course between Long Span and Royal Crest. Showing his accustomed speed, Long Span led by four lengths in the run up, and scored well for the second. Royal Crest then got a chance; but this and other opportunities availed him little, his repeated stumbles enabling Long Span to beat him easily. Neither of them, however, was equal to the tackling of the demon of a hare at which they had been slipped, and after leading them no end of a dance on the big flat, she jumped the drain, and, making off in the direction of Lydiat Station, ran right away from the pair of them. So severe was the gruelling

that Long Span got in this spin that his chance of winning the Cup seemed to be completely gone; in fact, it would have occasioned no surprise had he then and there been withdrawn. In a good spin with Such a Mist, High Almoner beat her handsomely, ending a decisive course with a couple of smart wrenches and a kill. Hallow Eve, in her spin with West Worthing, gave another display of the qualities which stood her in such good stead, for having established a two-lengths lead, she scored the second and third points by the precision with which she stuck to the "scut," and though West Worthing shut in directly she had a chance, Hallow Eve promptly swept in again, and with a kill scored a most decisive victory. The kennel companions, Bachelor's Acre and Blue Ruin, went to the slips together, and from a very level delivery the former at once drew clear, and was leading by a good four lengths, when, driving along with great determination, he ran right into his hare, and killed with a fine clean stroke.

All doubts as to whether Long Span had recovered from his severe course in the preceding round were set at rest when he came out in the fourth round, and went to the slips with odds of 7 to 4 laid on him to beat Dooley. Getting the best of a pretty run up, he led by a couple of lengths, and, coming smartly round, made a shot for a kill, the effort giving Dooley just half a chance of nicking in. The hare then dodged them at the drain, at which they both fell; but Long Span was out like a flash, and bringing his hare round, used her and killed before the black had time to score. The pluck of Sir R. Jardine's dog, added to the brilliance of this performance, appealed to the best instincts of the crowd of spectators, and both he and his trainer were heartily cheered as he was being led back after the spin. Nothing but sheer merit and determination pulled Hallow Eve through in her course with Dendraspis, who beat her a good length and a-half in the run up; but at the turn Mr. Hulton's bitch got in, and, again sticking to the "scut" with wonderful fire and precision, had all the best of a hard trial. Silhouette and High Almoner were slipped at a tricky hare, who, declining to put forth her top speed, was keeping a bit in hand for a break back. Silhouette, seemingly, noticed this, and let her opponent draw ahead; but when the break back for which she had been watching came off, she shot ahead with a lead of several lengths, and, getting the best of the exchanges which followed, left off a decisive winner when she killed. Bachelor's Acre had all the best of his spin with Cousin Jean, who destroyed whatever chance she might have possessed by killing before she had scored a point. The fifth round can best be described as having been the most sensational episode in the history of the Waterloo Cup. When Bachelor's Acre and Silhouette went to the slips, 3 to 1 was freely laid on Mr. Birkbeck's dog, who in a very fast run up was leading by four lengths as he



THE WINNER COMING IN.

reached his hare, and, driving at her with tremendous fire, he looked like settling matters in decisive fashion; but he swept himself off his legs in a bit of treacherous ground, and Silhouette, seizing her opportunity, shot ahead, and had established a winning sequence of points before the fawn could again get busy. A great trial followed, but before Mr. Birkbeck's champion could level up matters the bitch got in again, and, running with great fire and determination, wound up with the last two or three points and a smart kill in her favour. A still greater surprise was in store when Long Span, with 11 to 2 laid on him, had to lower his flag to Hallow Eve. Sir R. Jardine's dog was none too quick out of the slips, but still he had established a four-lengths lead by the time the hare was reached, and, after balancing himself beautifully for the attempt, dashed in to kill. The effort, however, cost him dear, for in the making of it he came a tremendous cropper. Hallow Eve at once got in, and, putting in a lot of her characteristic work, established a winning lead before she lost possession. Pulling himself together, the crack swept in and tried to retrieve his position, but he could not hold possession long enough, and the bitch, beating him in all the work at close quarters, had well won when she ended the course with a wrench and a kill. With the dogs all beaten, it was left to Hallow Eve and Silhouette to fight out the last round of this memorable contest. Public opinion was all in favour of the Earl of Sefton's bitch, upon whom odds of 11 to 4 were laid; but again it was the unexpected that happened. From a very good delivery the favourite drew clear, and reached her hare with a lead of two lengths; but, going wide at the turn, Hallow Eve got her chance, and, well in front for the second turn, held her place for the third. Silhouette then raced to the front, but again lost possession, as the hare broke round, in marked contrast to Hallow Eve, who swung round on the "scut." Again the pace of the black took her to the front, and she scored a point; but, running wildly, she could never establish a sequence, and Hallow Eve, running, as she had done all through the trials, very cleverly and very truly, had won the Waterloo Cup before she ended the course with a kill.

T. H. B.



HALLOW EVE, WINNER OF THE CUP.

FROM THE FARMS

PRESERVING PLUMS.

A CORRESPONDENT who has acted on the hints given in these pages last autumn, in regard to preserving plums and other fruits, writes: "I tried some of the plums for the first time on Saturday, February 22nd. They were cooked in a tart, and turned out to be excellent. Indeed, no one who tasted them could have distinguished the flavour from that of newly-gathered fruit. I preserved them as follows: The plums were fresh gathered, large and ripe. I examined them carefully to see that there were no cracks, bruises, or broken skins. They were carefully wiped with a dry towel, and then placed in layers in large bottles such as grocers keep their sweets in. They were neatly packed, but not squashed together or bruised. Boiling water was then poured on them till they were completely covered. The bottles were then closed with glass stoppers and put away. They were not again looked at till the bottles were opened on Saturday. They were taken out perfectly whole, although the water in which they were had become red. They were put into a pie-dish

with sugar and a crust placed before. When the crust was cooked the pie was ready, as the plums only needed heating." We are glad to receive this account. Plums kept in this simple, inexpensive and effective manner must be of great value to the house-keeper at a time when the stock of apples is nearly exhausted, and rhubarb, except where forced, is not ready. They are not so dear as imported plums, and little short of them in flavour.

THE "MARAICHER" OR "PRIMEURISTE" SYSTEM OF GROWING.

The French *primeuriste* system of growing for the early market is admirably suited to the requirements of the small holder, to whom, naturally, economy of space and small expenditure of capital are great considerations. In France this system is well known, and has proved highly successful, as it has where practised in this country. At the Thatcham Fruit and Flower Farm near Newbury (a School of Gardening for Gentlewomen), however, a French garden was started last autumn under the charge of a competent French grower from Paris. The object of this system is to grow fruit and vegetables (e.g., cauliflowers, lettuces, cucumbers, melons, etc.) for the earliest markets, and these products being always in demand, they naturally meet with a ready sale at good prices. All are grown under frames or *clochers* with stable manure for hot-beds, and, thus grown, are not only of the same quality as those forced in hot-houses, but are produced quite as early in the season. The special suitability of this system to small holders and its advantages



SILHOUETTE, RUNNER-UP FOR THE WATERLOO CUP.

are obvious. In the first place, the output for small areas is enormous, and therefore a great economy of space is effected. Then the necessary amount of capital to be expended is comparatively small, the returns are quick, and the profit good, while last, and not least, the system ensures a continuous and rapid improvement of the soil. At Thatcham a portion of the garden has been set aside for this department. The garden frames used are all made by the students at the school, while the other appliances (rye straw, mats, tools and bell-glasses, or *clochers*) have been brought over specially from France and Belgium. So far the system has proved a complete success, while even better things are anticipated of it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PRODUCTION OF TABLE POULTRY.

SIR,—How to produce table poultry at the smallest possible cost is a subject of no small importance to those connected with the poultry industry, and for this reason I read the article which recently appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* by Mr. F. G. Paynter with great interest. It sent me also to a perusal of his recently-published book, "How to Make Poultry Pay." Neither the article nor book is easy reading, yet they certainly repay the time and trouble needed to understand them. Mr. Paynter's figures cannot be challenged, as they are the result of personal experiment; but his conclusions can, and his suggestions as to the profits to be made out of chicken-raising for table on a big scale cannot be taken seriously. What are the facts? Mr. Paynter, after studying the methods of Hethfield and Reading College, has carried out some

experiments on his own account. These were carried out on one of the Farne Islands off the Northumbrian Coast. In 1906 he spent from July 2nd to October 22nd there and hatched five broods, or rather batches, from an incubator, containing 187 chickens. In 1907, as he tells us in your columns, he experimented with nine chickens from May 15th to October 2nd. On the strength of the results he argues that by starting an incubator every Saturday with 200 eggs there would nineteen weeks later be 100 chickens ready to market, and that this could continue indefinitely so long as a fresh 200 eggs were put in an incubator. The profits would average from £5 to £7 a week on a capital of just over £250. This sounds fascinating, and there are a great number of people who would readily invest £250 if assured of a return of £5 to £7 a week, even if it entailed living in the country and superintending the man at 20s. and the boy at 5s., who are supposed to be equal to running the incubators and rearing the 1,500 chickens always on the premises. If any persons earn their wages, that man and that boy would, Mr. Paynter has absolutely no experience of chicken raising on a big scale. As far as I can discover he makes no allowance for any death-rate. A few chickens met accidental deaths in the first year's experiments; in the second the nine were all reared. Now there are not a few poultry-keepers who raise by the thousand. They run poultry-farms of a sort; that is to say, they rear chickens for stock and show purposes, and sell day-old chickens and eggs for hatching. Ask them what their death-rate is. They will probably decline to tell; but this I state—that every poultry-keeper who hatches 1,000 chickens in a season would be uncommonly glad to mark 1,750 of them. Mr. Paynter's man and boy have to market 5,200 chickens in a year, that is, 100 a week, and are allowed 10,400 eggs to produce them. It cannot be done. Has Mr. Paynter any experience of the work involved in feeding and tending 1,500 chickens of various ages dotted over a surface of seven acres to eight acres, for he allowed

each 200 chickens an acre of land? And this work is continuous. It goes on without a day's cessation, without the man or boy getting even an afternoon off, for the youngest chickens want feeding every two hours. I grant he also shows us how a man with a capital of £60 can start a 100-egg incubator every fortnight, market twenty-five fowls every week, and make from 25s. to 35s. profit. This is just possible; but it will be a hard-earned wage. Not one man in fifty will be able to stick to it, nor must he expect the profits to be other than variable. There may be a glut in the market, or a slump owing to a heat wave, or a thunder-storm and floods may work havoc, or a foster-mother catch fire and cremate 100 chickens. All these things have happened to me and to every poultry-keeper who has practical experience in table poultry rearing, but no allowance seems to be made for such things by Mr. Paynter. It would be ungrateful not to acknowledge that the practical poultry-rearer is indebted to Mr. Paynter for many interesting facts. I for one was unaware it was possible to raise a chicken weighing 3lb. for under sixpenny-worth of food. Mr. Paynter has done it with units and invites other people to do it with hundreds. I submit he should lead the way himself.—CHARLES D. LESLIE.

[We forwarded this letter to Mr. Paynter, who replies as follows: "During 1906 I hatched out altogether seven broods, containing 260 birds. In my book I only took under consideration the first five. These five broods contained when hatched 204 birds, and when marketed 187, i.e., a loss of 8½ per cent. In 1907 I again used for my experiment five broods, which when hatched contained 119 birds, and when marketed 117, i.e., a loss of 1½ per cent. During 1906 I lost seven birds out of my first brood from the want of experience in the use of dry chick feed. I shall never again have this loss. The other deaths were caused by avoidable accidents. To produce 100 chickens per week at 4lb. per bird represents a weekly output of 400lb. of flesh; 1lb. of flesh requires 4lb. of food, therefore to turn out 400lb. of flesh per week 1,600lb. of food must be handled; 1,600lb. is roughly 14cwt., i.e., 7cwt. of corn and 7cwt. of meal per week; 1cwt. of corn has thus to be carried round and distributed every day and 1cwt. of meal; 64lb. of meal must be thoroughly mixed with boiling water for the morning meal, and here lies the main difficulty. It is not a very difficult task for a man and a boy to wheel round on a hand-barrow and distribute 2cwt. of food per day. At the termination of my 1906 experiment I was turning out on an average 48lb. of flesh per week, and in 1907 44lb., i.e., at 4lb. to the bird, an equivalent of twelve chickens in 1906 and eleven in 1907. And, therefore, to carry out the suggested programme I have approximately to do just about eight times as much. I found there was, if anything, less trouble and anxiety in handling a brood of sixty or seventy chickens than one of six or seven. I do not look up in each chicken as a unit, but on the whole brood as being, as it were, either a small or a large animal. In the one case the animal weighs, perhaps, 60lb. and in the other 6lb. And the 6lb. is just as much trouble as the 60lb. A brood of 100 chickens, if properly fed and cared for, should increase in weight at the rate of an average of 25lb. per week, and each week, therefore, this brood should represent a profit to the producer of 6s. 3d., i.e., at 3d. per pound. The question therefore resolves itself into, Can a man and a boy handle or not sixteen animals ranging in weight from 10lb. at the time they are hatched to 400lb. at the time they are marketed, or, taking an average, sixteen animals weighing 200lb.? Weight for weight, 100 chickens will equal about one pig. Can a man and a boy feed and look after sixteen pigs? I have had some experience in rearing chickens on a large scale. In 1902 I was working under a man who I should say was one of the most experienced practical poultrymen in England. We always had 2,000 eggs being incubated, and I understood that the stock on the farm represented something like 10,000 birds. This stock was fed and managed by

one man, one student and three boys. I was told they used about three tons of food per week. I quite agree with your correspondent with regard to the mortality. The average mortality among the youngsters on the farm mentioned was about 33 per cent., and a relation of mine who goes in for rearing table poultry on a very large scale tells me his mortality is more like 50 per cent. Your correspondent's statements and the figures given bear out my assertions as to the want of proper knowledge. If COUNTRY LIFE will kindly continue publishing my 1907 experiments, they will show how I managed to rear my chickens, without loss and, practically, without attention. I do not now feed every two hours; twice a day by my new method is all that is really necessary. Naturally, there will be slumps, heat waves, etc.; these are unavoidable. It is, therefore, necessary to base one's figures on averages. As to foster-mothers catching fire, etc., these difficulties, by proper care and attention, I believe, are avoidable, and are controlled, therefore, by experience or inexperience. In 1906 I used my last brood of forty-three chickens, not with the idea of making any special experiment, but simply in order to see if it were possible, with ordinary precautions, to rear them without loss. There was not a single death. In 1907 I did the same with my last brood of sixty-nine chickens. There were sixty-nine hatched, and I sold sixty nine sixteen weeks later. There was not a single sick or sorry bird during the whole time."—ED.]

TWO BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Nineteenth Century Prose, by Mrs. Laurence Binyon. (Methuen.)

An English Prose Miscellany, by John Masefield. (Methuen.)

NO one is ever satisfied with a book of selections made by someone else, because—"We wonder how many could fill in the end of this quotation from Mrs. Binyon's preface? We ourselves could have made a hundred guesses without hitting on the right one, as, for example, because everyone believes that what he likes is the best; because what is one man's food is another man's poison; because—but let us give the end of the quotation—"because every reader must miss favourite pieces." That is by no means the criticism which the book evokes. It is not a bad book. Mrs. Binyon in it shows refinement and wide reading. But about it hang the cobwebs of a library. In making a collection from the writings of the nineteenth century, she had a great opportunity to display originality of judgment. For the last fifty years at least, books have been poured from the press, and there is no reason to believe that public taste has winnowed the chaff from the wheat. Yet, on the whole, Mrs. Binyon has closely followed the usual critics. She holds up no unnoticed prose to the light. What a magnificent volume of extracts might be formed if someone of fine taste and judgment were, regardless of the common opinion, to gather together exactly what he or she thought admirable! How little this is attempted will be apparent from the fact that only eleven living writers are quoted, and of these half-a-dozen were inevitable. Of the others, it may be asked if out of the stream of novels nothing better could be picked than the dull extract from Mark Rutherford. Mr. F. W. Bain's piece about the creation of woman has done duty often before, and Mr. C. M. Doughty is scarce worthy of the honour. Our surprise at Mr. Wilfred Whitten's inclusion in a representative eleven is qualified by admiration of the pretty piece selected from him. Among the dead the more curious inclusion is that of Lionel Johnson. He was a promising and brilliant journalist, whose early death was deplored; but if Mrs. Binyon had thought twice of Stevenson's battle-cries of "War to the adjectives," "War to the optic nerve," she ought to let her blue pencil pass through all the multitudinous adjectives in "Friends that Fail Not" and see what an improvement will have been effected. The god of her idolatry is Walter Pater, and her eye is ever open for his mental kin. Moreover, it is evident that she has a passion for books about books. Thackeray on Congreve, Pater on Art for Art's sake, Wordsworth on Tam o' Shanter (where he was out of his element, "unable to fly, one swims"), Keats on Wordsworth, Hazlitt ditto, Carlyle on Tennyson, Stevenson on himself, Fitzgerald on Bernard Barlow, Whitman on Abraham Lincoln, Ruskin on Turner, Froude on Tacitus, Lovell on Dryden, Pater on Pascal—these are the themes in which she delights. Hers is a taste widely shared, and no doubt there are many readers, and not unworthy readers, who will rejoice in the selection. But it cramps the scope of the book, in which we find many blank spaces. The prose of politics is altogether ignored. Yet any wide study of the subject ought to include the political manifesto. The suggestion will probably horrify Mrs. Binyon, but she might be fairly challenged to show any other class of composition in which the writer is so little tempted to introduce ornament for its own sake. In the political arena a great leader tries only to convince and lead. Hence there are special reasons for studying his pericls. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Balfour might have furnished illustrations. Some of the most impressive prose has been uttered at the immediate prospect of death, and the death of a Ministry usually nerves its leader to speak with unusual force and directness. The despatches of military and naval commanders, again, show the prose of men of action, and might have been fruitfully placed beside passages from Pater, Ruskin, Landor and other artists in expression. Julius Cæsar and Wellington, Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener did not

or do not write for writing's sake; but there is no reason for their omission. Since the day of Jefferies (who is barred out) many have written directly and beautifully of Nature, but apparently have not caught the eye of Mrs. Binyon, which is always fixed on introspective and bookish books. We have one or two extracts from Thoreau, it is true; but Jefferies was a greater man and better writer than Thoreau. In history, why are the extracts confined to Macaulay and Froude? Freeman was surely as well entitled to a place, and J. R. Green was a better writer than either.

Now let us turn to Mr. John Masefield's more ambitious attempt to make an *English Prose Miscellany*. One of his objects is to show the reader "how English prose has changed from century to century." It may be suggested to Mr. Masefield that a more liberal use of dates would have aided him to secure this end. Out of about 130 authors quoted, dates are appended only to the names of three—Sir James Melville, James Melville and Sir Henry Slingsby. Some of the pieces are dated by the authors; Howell, for instance, writes from Fleet (Prison), October 1st, 1643, and dates are on the extracts from Pepys' Diary; but the usefulness of the book would have been vastly extended by a fuller chronology. The editor's ideas must differ considerably from those of Mrs. Binyon. He divides books into three classes, placing in the highest or best class "Those writers who write informed with a burning energy (either of ecstasy or of contemplation) which gives their prose something of the rapture and beauty, if nothing of the rhythm and music, of poetry." As representative "masters of splendid eloquence" he gives the names of:

Jeremy Taylor, John Donne, Sir Thomas Browne, ecstatic and inspired writers; of Bishop Berkeley, "judicious" Hooker, Robert Burton, grave and contemplative writers; and of the great dramatic poets, Shakespeare, Jonson, Fletcher and Webster, who use prose seldom, but always with supreme effect.

Evidently Mr. Masefield is not going to become a recruit in an army that wages "war on the adjective." Second place is given to:

The writers of books of travel, of sport, of fiction, of miscellaneous works, the makers of translations, etc., etc. The bulk of the national literature belongs to this class. It contains the names of the great English translators such as Lord Berners, John Florio, Sir Thomas North, of the men of profound influence in their time such as John Lyly, John Dryden, Joseph Addison, of sweet, simple and gracious characters like Isaac Walton, John Bunyan, William Law; and of popular writers of different kinds like Thomas Decker, Thomas Nashe and Daniel Defoe.

Lastly, in the third class, we come to:

The keepers of diaries; the writers of personal memoirs; famous, or notorious, letter-writers; and gossip-mongers generally. This class, always precious to the historian and to the student, contains comparatively few names; and very few of its members reveal themselves sufficiently (like Pepys, Horace Walpole or either of the two Melvilles) to interest the reader in their characters apart from what they write.

These are odd views which it is not necessary to discuss, but they explain corresponding oddities in the selection. If it were necessary to choose the finest example of imaginative prose narrative in English literature, nearly all who really know would cull from Sterne; but that author is represented by a short moralisation from the "Sentimental Journey." Mr. Masefield could not have selected an absolutely bad passage from that book, but he has gone as near as possible to doing so. A good slice out of "Robinson Crusoe" is given, but a very unsatisfactory snippet from Smollett, while, apparently, Mr. Masefield could not find in Fielding anything more representative than a prison scene from "Jonathan Wild," a passage that must be incomprehensible to those who do not know the book. Yet some of us would not exchange Parson Adams for many score of divines, "informed with a burning energy (either of ecstasy or of contemplation)." Father Izaak is shown as the biographer of Hooker, not in his angling garb. After the preface, it was only to be expected that the divines would have a full share of space. Jeremy Taylor, Traherne and Chillingworth run to pages, while a brief scene is deemed enough for Shakespeare; Webster has a dozen lines and Ben Jonson a paragraph. Yet the selections are not in these cases badly made. It would be difficult to find a more typical example of the prose of Shakespeare than is furnished by the scene between Hamlet and the grave-digger. It must also be said that Mr. Masefield knows his old divines, and gives some fine extracts from Jeremy Taylor, Traherne, Vaughan and William Penn. Let his "theoric" be granted and the book is a good one. Only it would have been better if the editor had realised the higher realm of creative work. Mr. Masefield has not learnt the beauty and hominess of simplicity, nor does he understand that the narrative demands a higher art than the sermon.

The book is interesting, but not satisfactory. It shows us not a great and tolerant and catholic mind, gathering sweets from every flower, but a man whose prejudices are often stronger than his intelligence, who has taken from various authors those pieces that appeal to a clever but slightly abnormal mind.

SHOOTING.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL IN EAST AFRICA.

HISTORY once more repeats itself. Seventeen years ago Lord Randolph Churchill made his famous journey to Rhodesia, then but two years rescued from savagery, and described his doings and adventures in the *Daily Graphic*. Quite recently, his son, Mr. Winston Churchill, has been visiting British East Africa, and now, in the pages of the *Strand Magazine*, records his impressions. It is no reflection on the memory of the late Lord Randolph to say that his son is a better writer than his father. Mr. Churchill has already made his reputation in the field of letters; and in his first article—on the Uganda Railway—he proves once again that he can wield a very facile and descriptive pen. His opening could scarcely be bettered: "The aspect of Mombasa as she rises from the sea and clothes herself with form and colour at the swift approach of the ship is alluring and even delicious. But to appreciate all these charms the traveller should come from the North. He should have seen the hot stones of Malta baking and glistening on a steel blue Mediterranean. He should have visited the island of Cyprus before the autumn rains have revived the soil, when the Messaoria Plain is one broad wilderness of dust, when every tree—be it only a thorn bush—is an heirloom, and every drop of water is a jewel. He should have walked for two hours at midday in the streets of Port Said. He should have threaded the long red furrow of the Suez Canal and sweltered through the trough of the Red Sea. He should have passed a day among the cinders of Aden, and a week among the scorched rocks and stones of Northern Somaliland; and then, after five days of open sea, his eye and mind will be prepared to salute with feelings of lively and grateful delight these shores of vivid and exuberant green. On every side is vegetation, moist, tumultuous and varied. Great trees, clad in dense foliage, shrouded in creepers, springing from beds of verdure, thrust themselves through the undergrowth; palms laced together by flowering trailers; every kind of tropical plant that lives by rain and sunshine; high waving grass, brilliant patches of purple bougainvillea, and in the midst, dotted about, scarcely keeping their heads above the fertile flora of Nature, the red-roofed houses of the town and port of Mombasa."

Mr. Winston Churchill, naturally enough, soon finds himself on the Uganda Railway, which he well describes as one of the most romantic and wonderful in the world. The railway, from various causes, has had its vicissitudes and has been the butt of much party and Parliamentary attack. Yet it has marvellously justified its existence. Four or five years ago distinguished croakers were lamenting that it could never, by any possibility, pay its expenses. It cost nearly £10,000 a mile to build; its natural and proper route was avoided. Yet here, as elsewhere, the English have "muddled through" in their astonishing way, and already the great railway is not only paying its expenses, but yielding a small profit (£30,000 per annum), soon to be largely increased, upon its capital charge. When the present trunk line is provided with its links and feelers, has a full complement of steamers on Lake Victoria and has pushed an extension to the Albert Nyanza, there will be a different tale to tell. Little more than forty years ago Speke and Grant in one direction and Samuel Baker in another had pushed their way through dangerous and unknown wildernesses and had discovered the great Nyanza lakes and the head-waters of the Nile. Then for many years East Africa lay fallow and unexploited, apparently almost completely forgotten by British enterprise. Stanley, Joseph Thomson and other travellers and hunters again and again awoke British interest in these wonderful countries; the British East Africa Company was presently founded and the future of the territory was assured. The last ten years have seen extraordinary advances. Townships are springing up, settlers are being attracted, capital is going into the country, though plenty more is needed, and the Uganda Railway has set the seal upon the assured future of these great and promising possessions. Mr. Churchill describes his railway journey into the interior with much picturesqueness. One of his photographic illustrations shows the train crossing the channel from Mombasa Island to the mainland by the long iron bridge, in itself a very striking demonstration of the triumphs of engineering. The humid coastlands are presently left behind, and at an altitude of 4,000 ft. the traveller begins to laugh at the equator. After Makindu Station the forest ceases and a mighty region of grass plain is entered upon. "And here," says Mr. Churchill, "is presented the wonderful and unique spectacle which the Uganda Railway offers to the European. *The plains are crowded with wild animals.* From the windows of the carriage the whole zoological garden can be seen disporting itself. Herds of antelope and gazelle, troops of zebras—sometimes four or five hundred together—watch the train pass with placid assurance or scamper a hundred yards further away and turn again. With field-glasses one can see that it is the same everywhere, and can distinguish long files of black wildebeeste and herds of red kongoni and wild ostriches

walking sedately in twos and threes, and every kind of small deer and gazelle." Mr. Churchill is a little shaky in his natural history. There are no black wildebeeste in East Africa; those he saw were of the blue species. Neither are there any deer, and there are but few gazelles. The animals he saw were for the most part all true antelopes. Further up the line a dozen giraffe were to be seen, "lollopping off," not rooysds. away, and at Nakuru "six yellow lions walked in leisurely mood across the rails in broad daylight." Mr. Churchill did not, in this instance, quite emulate his distinguished father, who once saw, in Mashonaland, as many as a dozen lions in a troop; but he outvalled him by shooting a rhinoceros, the adventure with which is graphically described. Altogether, this first instalment of "My African Journey" is exceedingly interesting, and gives promise of other and equally lively passages to follow.

THE GAME-EGG GUILD AT WORK.

OF course, it is only too easy to be deceived by our partiality about any matter in which our interest is keen; but setting that as far as possible on one side, it does not seem that too much praise can easily be given to the Game-Egg Guild for the admirable energy with which it is pursuing the objects of its existence—namely, the purification from financial corruption of all dealings between those who buy and those who sell game, game food and game eggs, including all agents and go-betweens. The latest move of the Guild has been to issue an invitation to "trade associates" to join in the work which is being done, to contribute to a fund for the prosecution of offenders, and in return, besides aiding the prime object of the prevention of corruption, to receive a recommendation from the Guild itself to give such associated traders a preference. This action has been taken in immediate response to the immense number of answers which the Guild received to its circular on the subject of secret commissions, "letters," as Mr. Everitt, the hon. secretary to the Guild, observed at a recent meeting, "imploping us to do something to try and pull matters together on a proper footing." A fair standard wage for keepers is one of the subjects to which the Guild is also turning its attention, in recognition of the fact that this question of the keeper's wage has a very close connection with the "secret commission," which it is one of the first objects of the Guild to suppress through the agency of the new Act.

SUGGESTIONS INVITED.

In the circular which the Guild is now sending out to persons interested in the particular subjects to which it gives attention, a question is asked which shows a certain modest and rare sense that even its own conclusions are not of absolute certainty so perfect that they might not be bettered, for the query is put, "Can you suggest any better or other scheme whereby the Game-Egg Guild can assist to uphold and maintain a greater purity of sport?" It is not likely, though it is always possible, that anyone will devise a better plan than that which these persons, so well qualified, have hit upon; but the fact that the Guild invites suggestions is evidence that it wishes to do its very best and is not irrevocably wedded to certain views because they happen to be its own.

THE KEEPER'S "TIPS."

There is just one point which the Guild proposes to attack, and in regard to which it is almost certainly foredoomed, in the opinion of the present writer, to fail—that is, in the attempt to lay down a scale of "tips" for keepers. This must surely mean tips from the shooting guest to the host's keepers. In the sense of a gift from a dealer in game, in food, or in eggs to the keeper, it would be called by a less genial name. The Guild's statement, however, is no more than that it proposes to suggest a scale of tips. Confining itself to that, its work may be good. Suggesting a scale may serve as a useful guide. But if the scale is adopted in too business-like a way, so that it shall begin to be recognised by the keeper as a regulation of the amount that he will receive, then it defeats its own object. For the essence of a tip is that it is something over and above a recognised wage. Once the regulation idea enters in, the tip becomes looked on as part of the wage, and only the man who gives something over and above that again will be greeted with the genial grin which is one of the first uses of the tip to evoke. There will be tips over and above the recognised scale of tipping, and the evil will recommence *ab initio*. It was all very well, some quarter of a century ago, when a few of the most celebrated shots in the country set up, among themselves, a certain scale of tips, of simplicity itself, for it consisted in a determination never to give a keeper more than 10s. for a good day or less for a bad one. It may be added that these were men whom nobody ever ventured to ask to come and shoot on anything that could be called other than a "good day." That, however, is a mere question of the standard. But this determination, strictly adhered to, was enough to make a great change in the general scale of keepers' tips, for what these great shooters gave was considered by lesser shooters to be enough for them, too. It sounds snobbish to say it, but no doubt it made some little difference in the force of their example that most of the great shooters who came to this 10s. a day tipping agreement were noble earls or persons of some title or other; and it did a great deal of good. Previously the tipping scale was beginning to be absurd, and prevented many young men from accepting shooting invitations altogether. So long as the Game Guild's efforts in this line are restricted to "suggesting a scale" they may do good; but as soon as the suggested scale becomes anything like a formally recognised rate among the keepers it will be in danger of becoming too like a scale of "wages" rather than of "tips."

CORRESPONDENCE.

WEIGHT OF SNIPE.

SIR,—Mr. Harvie-Brown's letter on the weights of Shetland snipe has been of special interest to me, for when shooting some years ago near Sumburgh Head in Southern Shetland, I was surprised at the good condition and heavy weight of the snipe obtained there. I find by my notes that two,

out of half-a-dozen shot on the same day, scaled a shade over 5oz. each. This, though light as compared with the extraordinary weights recorded by your correspondent, is still far above the average. The Shetlanders assured me that these big birds are the home-bred ones, and that the foreigners which come in the winter do not run nearly so large. My snipe were shot in September, before the migratory ones are supposed to arrive. I got over twenty, and all were in extraordinarily fine condition. As regards Scotch snipe, I have shot about seventy along the Clyde foreshore, above Langbank. All these ran light, the average weight being about 3½oz. It must, however, be remembered that nearly all were shot in hard weather, while I was after duck, and when the feeding was not so good

as under milder conditions. In India and Ceylon, snipe in good condition run from 4oz. to 4½oz.; and, though I have shot many hundreds of these birds in the East, I recollect none as big as the two 5oz. Shetlanders I have recorded. This is, however, only negative evidence, and, moreover, I have recollections of having more than once seen in the Indian sporting papers records of specially heavy birds. The pintail (*G. stenura*), hardly distinguishable from the common snipe, runs a shade lighter in weight. I have found jack snipe in the East, like the full snipe, run heavier than Scotch specimens. Those I weighed in India were 2½oz. to 2½oz., against about 2oz. for the Clydeside jacks.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.
[FURTHER NOTES ON SHOOTING WILL BE FOUND ON OUR LATER PAGES.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE TRIANGULAR CLAIM FOR THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

EVIDENTLY there is to be a regular triangular duel at Sandwich for a new course for the amateur championship. The Irish Union is known to have been in the field for a long while with the stirring appeal of "Justice for Ireland"; then there is Westward Ho! which some of us think did not receive too good treatment in the preference given to Deal as a new green for the open championship; and, finally, there is Deal itself. Deal seems to be a regular Oliver Twist in its "asking for more." Could it not be generous? For my own part, having nothing in the world to do with it, and having a great admiration for the fine course at Deal, I think it would be a thousand pities if the amateur championship went there. It would make the business such a dull one. As it is, we go to Sandwich, next door to Deal, once in regular rotation. We do not want to go virtually to the same place again, perhaps the very next year. For Heaven's sake let us have a little more variety. Westward Ho! would be quite a change of direction for the pilgrimages of very many a golfer, and for this reason alone, though there are many more, I should like an amateur championship to be contested there.

THE FOREST OF HAINAULT.

Through the high educational influence of golf it would seem as if people ought to be unlearning that childish idea formed in their school-days of a forest as a place covered by trees. There are not the circumstances we wish for a golf course; yet we have golf courses in Epping Forest, Sherwood Forest, Ashdown Forest, several in the New Forest, and so on, and now we have the announcement of the new London County Council's course in the Forest of Hainault. All these are open spaces, once afforested—i.e., under forest laws. If trees there be it is only incidentally, not by virtue of their forestry. As for this new course we are told of a proposed capital expenditure of £550 and a yearly outlay of £225. That may suffice. I do not know the ground, but the capital figure seems to indicate a possibility that a good deal of the necessary improvement will remain to be done by the golfer's boot and niblick. There are no better weapons for the work. The cost of a round is to be 1s., as to which the golfer of the Braid Hills who has his round for 2d. would exclaim "Frolicgeous." But London is not Edinburgh yet, although she is learning. This municipal golf looks as if she were coming to an appreciation of the people's golfing needs, and, after all, there are some good golfers as well as some good Scotsmen on the London County Council.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

In the trial games, wherein the Universities are suffering much adversity at the hands of the clubs, they are adopting that system of scoring by matches instead of by holes which they have been so long in coming to. As they are going to work the system in the Inter-University contest, it appears that there is quite a reasonable chance that no decision may be reached—that a tie may result—for the sides are to consist of eight players as heretofore, and the matches are not to be played out on extra holes in case of an "all square" finish; wherefore it is obvious that each side has only to win four matches, or each win three and two be halved, for a tie to be the unsatisfactory conclusion.

GOLF ON MITCHAM COMMON.

To those who know the inner machinery by which the thing is worked, there is some amusement to be found in the announcement of certain papers that the Mitcham Parish Council had passed a resolution asking the Conservators to put an end to the golf on the common. As a commentator rather humorously says, "the Council might just as well, and with as much sense or otherwise, pass a resolution asking the Conservators to make the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's remove the dome." The real fact is that the position of Prince's Golf Club is such a strong one that nothing short of an Act of Parliament could shift it, and then only by payment of a large compensation which it would amuse no one to provide. In the meantime the course is the most convenient that the metropolitan golfer can find, and its benefits to Mitcham and district can only be disputed by those who have no eyes to see or whose interest it is to be blind.

STRONG POSITION OF PRINCE'S CLUB.

The position of the club is, shortly, this. At the time when the Board of Conservators was appointed under the Metropolitan Commons Act, the club was found to be in possession of the rights of the Lord of the Manor, and was owner, therefore, in feehold, of the soil, with no need to ask the permission of anyone to play golf. The Act appointing the Conservators did not touch the rights of the manorial lord, which were, in point of fact, especially exempted. The Conservators, on appointment, brought a Chancery action against the club to restrain the playing of golf and the making of the course, but found they had no case, and approached the club with a view to settlement of the action, which was arranged by the Court of Chancery and a handicap committee in the following terms: (1) The club again to sell the manorial rights to the Conservators for £2,500. (2) In consideration of this

the Conservators granted the club the sole right to play on the common till 1914, and this date was afterwards prolonged by deed under seal till 1930. (3) In 1930, unless and until the Conservators pay the club £2,500 (which the club agreed to being deferred till the licence expired), the licence will go on indefinitely. (4) The club agreed to contribute £250 per annum for the upkeep of the common. That is the case, then, and who is likely to contribute the £2,500 capital sum to start with, and to make good the £250 a year to go on with, if all this arrangement is to be annulled? Moreover, any Act of Parliament which merely restored the position of 1890 would leave the club still lords of the manors—that is to say, still with its golfing, among other, rights.
H. G. H.

THE NORTH SURREY CLUB.

At the annual meeting of the North Surrey Golf Club, Mr. E. A. Peachey in the chair, it was reported that the membership was 390, including 60 lady members, and that a sum of over £900 had been spent on the course during the past year. Dr. T. H. Brown was elected captain in succession to Mr. A. E. Rowarth, and Mr. E. Tucker vice-captain.

GOLF AND GAMBLING.

There is often a charge brought against golf and those who play it that the spirit of gambling is thereby fostered. Well-meaning persons write letters to the Press inveighing against the customary half-crown match or ball on the round, and clergymen from time to time do not seem to find it incongruous to link golf with horse-racing and the spread of betting in the streets. On the other hand, there are some writers and speakers who from time to time make earnest appeals to golfers, especially at the beginning of a new year, to register a vow that they will not on any consideration whatever follow their old custom of playing a match with an old friend for the usual half-crown or shilling stake. The allegation which is contained in the majority of these diatribes against having a very small amount of money on the match is based on the supposition that it is not only a relatively new practice as an incident of the modern development of the game, but that it is becoming a wide and growing one. It is also contended that the real pleasures of the game are spoiled when the winning or losing of money is associated with the play, and that there are a number of golfers so defective in moral courage that, having no money to play for, they are frequently dragged out of their innocent retirement in order to risk the loss of a shilling in circumstances far from congenial to them. The theory advanced by those who write and speak in a deprecatory spirit against golf because it fosters, in their judgment, the gambling spirit, is that the love of the game and the healthful joy in playing it are of themselves sufficient attraction as well as ample reward; and, finally, those who are habitually keen upon having "something on the match" are counselled henceforward to abandon their familiar practice, and to play the game for its own sake alone.

A BALL ON THE MATCH.

Every golfer will readily admit that perhaps the most familiar interchange of courtesies between two players gathered at the first tee is to arrange the difference of handicap between them and to wager a shilling or a half-crown upon the result of the round. It is also known, and frankly admitted, that where two or four unusually skilled players are engaged in a match, a few of the golfers who are privileged to witness the play occasionally place a side bet or two either upon the winning of one particularly difficult hole, or on the final result of the match. But the fact that golfers do this is only to state in general terms that an instinct which is universal in human nature finds a very innocent outlet on the golf links. It is not an evil in the sense that the whole community of golfers are encouraged by the seductive bawling of long odds to come and try their luck upon an event which is either largely or completely governed by the element of unknown chance. Two friends who play not only for the healthful recreation provided by the game, but also for the supreme satisfaction of beating each other, are no more gamblers because they stake a modest half-crown on the result than the clergyman who invests his savings in railway stock or American securities in the hope that, by the speculative machinery controlled by the stock exchanges, the price of the investments should be raised.

AN INCENTIVE TO PLAY WELL.

Indeed, the case of the two golfing friends is far otherwise. Each knows the other's play to the limit of a stroke; and if the customary form is maintained on either side, the match round between them is likely to be close, and probably doubtful, until the last stroke of the game is played. In such a case as this the small coin lost by the loser stands somewhat in the relation of a small medal that he has won in a hard-fought competition. He wins it to-day from his friend, and as likely as not he will restore it to the original owner by being beaten in his match with the same opponent on the morrow. It is one of the peculiar features of these small match stakes in the playing of golf that if two friends, whose play is thoroughly well known to each other, continue their matches at frequent intervals throughout

the year and under the same conditions of handicap, the position of winner and loser, as far as disbursement of money is concerned, is practically "all square." If there is any balance on one side or the other, it is never more than a few shillings.

NOT AN ENCOURAGEMENT OF GAMBLING.

To describe the interchange of these small stakes as gambling, or as encouraging the spirit of gambling, is an exaggerated attempt to paint an evil which does not exist in the game. It is also an abuse of words to allege that the general interest of golfers, either in playing the game or in promoting its development, depends in any sense upon this exchange of small amounts of stake money. What golfers do is no more than to follow the universal bent of human nature everywhere to be proud of their scientific skill, and to show their willingness to sacrifice something which they can well afford if another fellow-player believes that his command of scientific technique is greater than that of the other. The golfer realises much more thoroughly than the outside critics, who pen blameworthy letters against the growth of the gambling spirit in all our athletic games, that golf is too good and too noble a game to be prostituted to the purposes of money getting through the methods of play as cultivated by all our amateurs. No game is so exempt from the purely betting and gambling spirit as golf is, and assuredly the gentleman who plays it simply for the amount of money that he can get out of it is in no sense representative of the amateur class, nor is he a player whose society is cultivated in the genial social environment of ordinary match play among the members of a well-constituted club.

THE PLAYER AND HIS PURSE.

In looking at this subject also critics have to remember that the class from which golfers are principally drawn is essentially on the border-line of the rich and well-to-do. A half-crown here and there lost or won in no sense trenches upon their means of subsistence. The loss causes no individual or domestic restraint of resources; and in this respect the familiar match-play stakes correspond in no sense with the lamentable afflictions created by the poor and needy among men and women who squander money upon pernicious betting and gambling that should go to livelihood. It is, therefore, a false doctrine to promulgate that there is any social danger from betting or gambling in the playing of the game. The critics of golf have to remember, also, that the forms of gambling are everywhere infinite. One may even say that the hope of winning money is at the back of every commercial enterprise, and, therefore, that the essence of investment therein is nothing but a species of gambling. Clergymen and others who deplore what they wrongfully conceive to be the growth of the gambling spirit in golf are not in the least deterred from becoming investors in commercial undertakings because there is a risk attached to the process of losing money as well as of gaining it. Speculative risks to obtain high rates of interest are much more akin to gambling than the exchange of a modest half-crown between two golfing friends on the result of their scientific skill.

BALLS OUT OF BOUNDS.

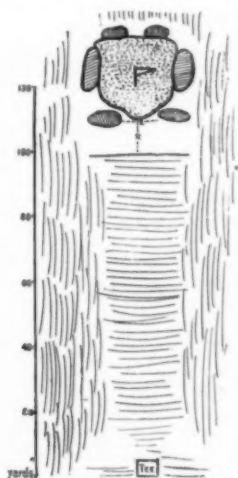
A few weeks ago particulars were given in this column of a law case in Scotland wherein a farmer in Fifeshire sued the Kinghorn Town Council for £12 damages caused to his crops by golfers, while using this public course, crossing the boundary fence to search for their lost balls. The case was set down for proof to be heard a week hence; but the Town Council have now settled it by paying the farmer £6 damages. Apparently, therefore, golf clubs are in danger of being sued if the players, after driving their balls out of bounds, persist in entering upon private land to recover them, and especially when the land is devoted to the growing of crops.

A. J. R.

THE PLANNING OF A GOLF COURSE.—III.

By JAMES BRAID.

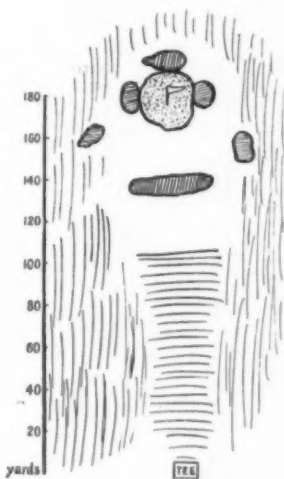
WE may now consider briefly the possible good placing of the bunkers at holes of different lengths, and first of all take the very shortest hole, such a one as that of 120yds., which was mentioned in the first article. By far the best way of making this hole as good and difficult as it ought to be is



THE SHORTEST HOLE.

by placing a small green in the centre of a nest of pot bunkers completely surrounding it. What I would do, therefore, would be to keep or make the ground as rough as possible for about 100yds. from the tee, or let the grass grow for that distance if that is the best that can be done. Then for 10yds. up to the nearest point of the putting green the fairway should be smooth, so that a ball may be pitched upon it, as it may have to be if there is a following wind, and run on quite nicely. But the passage of admission to the green should be very narrow, and should be flanked on either side by bunkers that would be certain to catch the ball that was not quite straight. An opening of 12yds. width is quite sufficient. The green should preferably be pear-shaped, and should be of a width of not more than 25yds. On either side of it there should be large pot bunkers touching its very edge, and beyond it there should be a series of smaller pots reaching almost the whole way round. A glance at the accompanying plan will show the design of the hole. It is obviously a difficult hole. One of this length

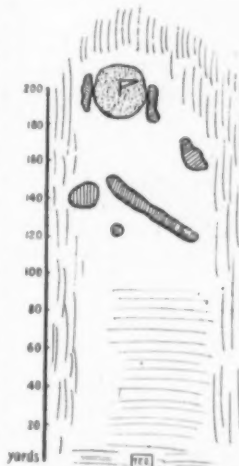
that was also easy in the matter of bunkers would be no good at all as a test. For a really short hole I do not think there is any good alternative to this system of bunkering, and, therefore, on this occasion, need not trouble to seek one.



SHORT HOLE WITH CARRY.

of a width of about 25yds. The diagram shows the idea of the whole thing.

The alternative, or the system of bunkering at another hole that may be rather longer, in which the diagonal is used, is clearly explained by the plan. Here the carry over the middle of the bunker may be a stiff one of about 150yds., while the carry over the short point at the right-hand corner would be less than 130yds. But the player who takes this short carry has to be severely dealt with if there is the least thing wrong with his run up to the green. As before, we must have pot bunkers at each side of it; but, instead of their being round and covering practically only the middle section of the green, let them be made more oblong in shape and brought a little more towards the tee. That on the right should be so far down that if the man who has taken the short cut has still got a fairly long ball he will have this bunker to pitch over before he can get to the green, while this bunker and the one on the other side combine to still further increase his difficulties. He will be obliged to hug the bunker on the right very closely if he is to get near the pin, unless the latter is far away on the left-hand side of the green, while if he is afraid of this bunker and goes too much to the left and is the least bit strong he will find the other one. If the green slopes towards the left in this case so much the better.



SHORT HOLE WITH DIAGONAL BUNKER.

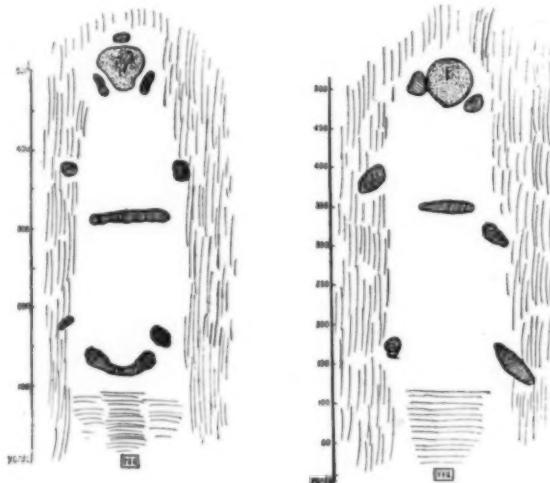
In many cases it will be found possible to adapt these ideas exactly to the planning of short holes; but they are intended merely as ideas and suggestions upon which the constructors of a course may act as closely as they may be disposed. What they do indicate are principles, and these same principles are properly applied to the laying out of long holes as well as short ones, and therefore it is not necessary to describe at the same length the different ways in which those long holes and medium long ones may be made as difficult as they generally ought to be. After all, it has to be remembered that a long hole is merely a short one with a wooden club shot, or more than that, tacked on to it, and what extra is necessary in its case is that these wooden club shots have to be attended to, while at the same time the green is generally not quite so closely guarded, consideration being paid to the fact that before the player comes to approach it he has already had to pass various tests. Thus it would hardly do to set him an approach like that laid out in the case of the first of the short holes described, another reason, if it was wanted, being that the distance from which he would be approaching would seldom be the right one for such bunkering. Therefore, while much the same principles may be employed in guarding the greens, they should be applied more leniently, and here and there a bunker entirely omitted. Holes of medium length, such as those between one and two full shots, present no difficulty whatever in the matter of bunkering, and afford plenty of scope for variety. It has already been stated that there

should be traps at the sides of the fairway for the pulled and sliced balls. This should be the general rule, and the distance from the tee to the centre of the bunker that is set for the slice may be put at from 140yds. to 160yds., the pull bunker being from 10yds. to 20yds. further. A hole that is intended to be a first-class two-shot hole, the length of it being from 360yds. to 420yds., should not generally be so closely guarded, and the carry for the second shot ought not to be too severe, because unless the second shot is a good one it cannot reach the green. Where a carry is set for the second shot—a diagonal bunker would be a good one—a little allowance should be made for the drive having been a trifle below the best. Thus it would not generally be wise to put the bunker for the second shot more than 300yds. from the tee. The man who drove 180yds., representing a fair but not really long drive, would have an easy carry for his second, while the man who was short with his tee shot would still have a chance of getting over if he hit his very best. Besides, wind has to be considered.

Finally, we will consider alternative ways of bunkering a really long hole, one of, say, 500yds., and two plans for doing it are herewith presented and will explain themselves. In the case of the first, no carry at all has to be made from the tee, but the player has to hit a really first-class drive of about 200yds. to have any chance of carrying the bunker with his second. Even with his 200yds. tee shot he will have a carry of 160yds. to make with his second. This will necessitate his hitting for all he is worth, which is just what we must make him do at these very long holes. He may, perhaps, be left unpenalised for pulling, but a trap should be set for a sliced tee shot, and another bunker may be cut a little to the right of the middle of the fairway, and some way short of the one in the middle, which may be crossed by a man who has sliced or who has been otherwise short with his drive. This is simply a case of the diagonal bunker being cut in two halves, and, if it is desired, the simple diagonal may be put in instead. Then put a bunker at the other side of the bottom end of the diagonal, or short bunker, in order to catch the ball that goes over the latter too easily and is sliced. After this, one bunker at each side of the green to threaten the approaches of the men who went out to the right will be quite sufficient. In the alternative we make the carries easier, giving comparatively simple ones for both first and second shots, but, at the same time, we insist on straightness, and bring into the fairway formidable bunkers to catch both pulls and slices, also making the passage to the green much narrower by the means of bunkers on the right and left, closing up about half of it. This hole should be quite a good one and very

interesting, and if there are two long holes on the course, these alternative systems of planning them might both be employed, with the most interesting results. It is not always easy to make a good dog-leg hole, so much depends on the natural formation of the ground; but they are excellent when they are well done; when, to get the best results, the drive should be sliced and the second shot pulled, or *vice versa*, a splendid test is afforded. Practically these holes generally amount to a good arrangement of diagonal hazards.

I think that if the principles I have described are applied to the planning of a course, as far as it is possible to apply them,



ALTERNATIVE SYSTEMS OF BUNKERING LONG HOLES

and with any such modifications as may be necessary or desirable, the constructors of the course cannot go very far wrong. When an inland course is being laid out, and one on which there are certain natural hazards, such as trees, streams and such-like, the general aim will be to make the best use of them as hazards, and to get them in the right place, since they cannot generally be avoided altogether, even if it were desired to do so. There will not generally be such a desire, for the more natural hazards there are on a course, whatever their character may be, the more interesting that course ought to be and generally is.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DIPHThERIA IN POULTRY AND PIGEONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—As Professor Hewlett states, the diphtheria of pigeons and the diphtheria of human beings are distinct diseases, but they have several points in common, and both are due to a bacillus. The bacillus of human diphtheria, discovered by Klebs in 1883 and confirmed by Löffler in 1884, is not the same as the bacillus of pigeon diphtheria; but it is a similar microbe, and can be cultivated just as easily as the Klebs-Löffler bacillus of human diphtheria. The treatment of diphtheria by antitoxin is now well known to all. Has there been a similar serum made from the bacillus of pigeon or poultry diphtheria? If not, it could be very easily prepared, and would probably cure all the cases mentioned in the interesting and instructive letter of your correspondent "East Sussex." It is impossible for anyone to take diphtheria from eating a properly-cooked chicken or pigeon affected with the disease, but he might suffer from absorbing the toxins formed by the bacilli. These toxins are a kind of ferment, and cause an organic chemical compound injurious to health. It is possible that anyone engaged in cleaning and preparing for table an affected bird might contract the disease through accidental inoculation from a scratch or cut. As to wood-pigeons, I have not seen so much diphtheria this year as twelve months ago, nor have they been so numerous in this district as last year. I fear nothing can be done for them, for, of course, inoculation is out of the question. Let us hope it is only an epidemic, for the wood-pigeon is a very sporting bird, and one that affords many opportunities for sport to the casual gunner. I for one should miss him very much.—JAMES E. TURLER, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., Norton, Suffolk.

A DEMURRER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—In your issue of February 22nd there is a paragraph referring to the proposed sale of a chalice from a Worcestershire church, in which you say that Mr. Willis Bund, with humour characteristically dry and ironical, said that the chalice "was to be added to a collection of English and foreign chalices and a pyx which adorned Mr. Morgan's table, an array which suggested to him the feast of Belshazzar." It is a pity that Mr. Bund's humour was at the expense of veracity, for Mr. Morgan's collection of chalices does not, in point of fact, adorn his table, but is housed in what is practically a museum of art treasures, where, I think, the chalices find a fitter resting-place than in the curiosity shops of London and the Continent. There are plenty of old chalices to be bought in the shops in the vicinity of Leicester Square. I think that Mr. Bund's "ironical humour" might have been reserved for the people who wish to sell such a possession out of the

keeping of the Church, and not employed in making innuendoes which are not only untrue, but ridiculous to anyone who knows the facts.—A.

[Our correspondent misses the point of Mr. Willis Bund's remarks; whether Mr. Morgan's chalices are kept in what is "practically a museum of art treasures," or "adorn his table," is quite a bye-point. A collection of chalices taken from churches forms part of Mr. Morgan's collection. It is proposed to add to the collection not from the curiosity shops of London and the Continent, nor from the shops in the vicinity of Leicester Square, but from the vicar and churchwardens of a parish where the chalice has been the vessel used for its original purpose for over three centuries, and which, tempted by the high price Mr. Morgan offers, they are proposing to sell either to adorn Mr. Morgan's house or to add to his collection. It seems to us Mr. Willis Bund's facts are neither untrue nor ridiculous, and we leave our correspondent to decide who is the worse, the tempter or the tempted.—ED.]

BEEES IN WINTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—On an unusually warm, sunny day at the end of January I spent the afternoon gardening near my beehives, the occupants of which were remarkably lively, taking advantage of the warmth to indulge in an airing flight. Suddenly I noticed a small commotion at one of the entrances, and going close to ascertain the cause saw two bees struggling and tugging in the doorway with a piece of paper about 2in. long and 1in. wide. When at last they succeeded in getting it out one bee seized it and flew away, dropping it to the ground several yards away from the hive. I have several times watched them do a similar trick, so knew it was a sign that their cake of candy was nearly consumed, and that they had eaten their way to the paper cases into which the candy is poured while hot.—F. B. MERCER.

THE GRINLING GIBBONS ROOM AT PETWORTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—When preparing the article on the above subject which appeared in your issue of December 7th I remember wondering that so little of the carved work was by Ritson, who was at work there for so many years. That the ceiling cove carvings were evidently by him I stated, but as to the magnificent craftsmanship which the walls displayed I said that this had, in the highest degree, the touch of Grinling Gibbons himself, and that Ritson could not have done more than repair and clean them. I was therefore puzzled at an account in an old copy of the *Gentleman's Magazine* which clearly attributed to Ritson much more than this. The explanation has now been very kindly supplied to me by the Hon. Percy Wyndham, who is the youngest son of the third Earl of Egremont, the

employer of Ritson. I quote his words: "Ritson lived at Petworth about 30 years. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that his carving covered every available space in the room. Shortly after my father's death in 1869 my late brother took down all Ritson's work except what is in the ceiling coves . . . He was led to do this quite as much by the fact that the quantity of Ritson's work entirely destroyed the balance and scheme of Gibbons' decoration of the room as by the fact that Ritson's work was inferior." When we consider that Gibbons was not only by far our greatest wood-carver, but was also a master of design, we must be most grateful to the late Lord Leconfield for putting back the walls of the room as Gibbons had intended and had fashioned them, and for thus preserving that great artist's masterpiece in a condition worthy of him.—T.

OWLS, PIGEONS AND OTHERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With regard to the "luminous owls," I should like to say that without any doubt your correspondents were correct in assigning the cause of this luminosity to the daily retreat of the bird, viz., the "fungus growth which makes decaying wood itself phosphorescent" or to some special form of food. On the first count it is easy to realise that particles of phosphorescent wood dust, by clinging to the downy feathering of the bird, might produce a will-o'-the-wisp effect on a large scale. But—and this puzzles me sorely—if we are to look for the true reason in this, why is it that luminous owls have never been recorded before, more especially as the phosphorescent fungus is in all probability to be found in most decaying trees, and seeing that the barn owl is not only a familiar and common species, but that it is, in addition, particularly addicted to roosting in hollow timber at all seasons of the year, only a few habitually making a thick clump of fir a diurnal habitation? Of the many dozens of pairs of barn owls with which I have made myself familiar at every time of the year I have never noticed the smallest symptom of luminosity, although I have frequently been at their haunts on pitch dark nights, when their weird cries alone apprised me of their presence. On the other hand, it is fairly well known that the barn owl—like some of its kindred and several of the hawk tribe—sometimes indulges in a fish course, though this form of dietary, at least the frequent use of it, is peculiar probably to isolated individuals only. And, to my mind, supposing that the luminous owls recently observed in Norfolk could be proved to have lived largely on fish—a matter of no difficulty once their haunt was recognised—and granting that a fish diet could affect a bird, or, indeed, any creature, outwardly, this theory seems the most likely solution of the mystery. I have myself seen a barn owl catch a fish; I have on more than one occasion found remains of fish in the bird's abode, but not in sufficient quantities to warrant the idea of its rendering the bird phosphorescent. And I imagine that to produce this effect at all on an owl or any other bird would necessitate a long and continued diet of fish. Turning to the pigeon question propounded by Mr. Hutchinson, I can tell him that, when I lived in Brecknock and Radnorshire, during the winter the guests, often in vast flocks, frequently started off west from the roosting coverts in the morning, as if bound for a district miles away, but in the afternoon, as I waited them in with the gun, many, at any rate, approached from the same direction, *i.e.*, flying east. But as to whether any returned to the same covert which was relinquished in the morning, especially if it was a "hanger," largely depended on the prevailing wind. And in the daytime the pigeons which frequented those districts appeared to arrive from the west. If these facts are in force everywhere, what is the reason, for there is nothing tangible to account for pigeons which roosted in an area called A, feeding in a district called B, and so on? *A propos* of the "Ménage à Trois" quoted by your contributor, Mr. Perry Robinson, I may mention that with many species of birds, even in the case of so fierce a fellow as the peregrine, the *tertium quid* is apt to crop up from time to time. Especially, but by no means invariably, is this the case with the Anatidæ, and particularly with the shoveller. Now, in all such instances it is fairly obvious—indeed, it has sometimes been conclusively proved—that the second male is immature, and, furthermore, it may be safely held that comparatively few birds, among others kestrel and sparrowhawk are notable exceptions, which take more than a year—nearly a year—to acquire full dress, breed until that dress arrives, though it is quite "understandable" that the males, undergoing the gradual change from adolescence to maturity, might well possess sexual passions. If this be so it requires no further effort of imagination to account for the tolerated [but that is all] presence of the one-year-old shoveller drake with the old drake and his duck. Otherwise the position of the *tertium quid* is a strange one. For, in the case of the duck family, he consorts with, if not regularly, the true pair both on flight and when they are feeding during the entire courting period, and, indeed, until the duck is safely incubating, when, although—I still refer to the shoveller—the real husband still remains in his wife's vicinity, he vanishes from the scene. Whether there is ever any sexual relationship between the duck and the third party is doubtful. Probably there would be, only the fully-matured drake—the *tertium quid*, while superficially looking fully matured, is in reality not so, being of not so clean a pattern of colours as the real husband—well knows how to protect his conjugal rights, and probably warmly resents any show of affection beyond the strictest platonic form on the part of the "hanger on." With small birds, when three of the same sort, where the plumage of both sexes is practically identical, are seen at one nest, I fancy that it is usually a case of two females and one male. But with larger birds, at any rate, where the colours of the sexes are so different that even at a distance they can be correctly diagnosed, it is frequently the reverse. For this reason it would be interesting to know if of

the three starlings mentioned by Mr. Robinson two are females, the third a male, or *vice versa*. As to sparrows seen taking material to their nests during winter, as mentioned in your issue of a few weeks back, it is quite customary for these birds to patch up their homes during that season as well as in the autumn, not, however for breeding purposes, but merely to fortify them and render them the warmer for roosting purposes. It is a curious thing that such abnormally hardy residents as sparrows should comparatively rarely have eggs before May turns, though it is true that they make up for their tardiness by continuing to breed right on until September wanes.—JOHN WALPOLE-BOND.

FROM ENTRANCE LODGE TO VICARAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you the enclosed photograph of the vicarage at Leighton, Hunts, as you may think it of sufficient interest for reproduction. This building was originally the gatehouse or entrance lodge of a mansion built by Sir Gervaise Clifton in 1628. Of the mansion itself not a trace remains, and for many years this sole remaining part of the building was in a state of neglect, a labourer and his family living among the ruins. Within the last year or so, however, it has been taken in hand by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and, although much of its ancient appearance has been retained, it has been converted into a convenient residence for the Vicar of Leighton. In the centre, between the towers, with their bold Jacobean mullioning, is seen the upper part of the quite classic archway, with its flanking pillars and elaborate entablature. This, of course, was the original driving way, and as such must have shown much dignity and good proportion. The fitting of it in and the placing of the low Tudor-looking building of the new entrance hall in front of it somewhat mars the appearance and fitness of the general design, but was essential to the purpose of converting it into a house for modern



occupancy, and, keeping this necessity in mind, the treatment must be pronounced ingenious and adequate.—T.

WITH THE AXE IN A HORNBEAM WOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

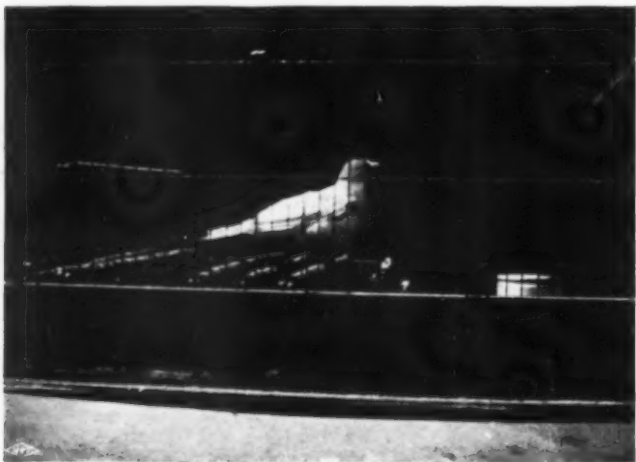
SIR,—I do not wonder at Mr. Gladstone's delight in using the woodman's axe, for I have just spent a week in clearing two drives through a hornbeam wood. I am to take the wood in exchange for my labour performed for my friend, the owner. That I have the best of the bargain is evident when I look down an open glade and see a vista of stout rails, bean-sticks, pea-sticks and even a few posts cut from oak and ash. As I hack my way through superbly-shaped clumps of smooth, upright stems, destroying so much that has grown beautiful in its upward search for the sun, I yet have the satisfaction of knowing that the human eye will be able to see still greater beauty in the decorative groups of branches which flank my pathway. Besides, think of the unfolding carpet of tender primroses and bewitching anemones I shall reveal with my axe; and when the vivid green of the hornbeam buds breaks, it will be a glade fit for the honeymoon of the young green folk who are said to live in the woods. The axe must not be used too heroically. You must not attempt to fell a branch as thick as your thigh with one blow, nor with a succession of blows on one side, for you will be sure to tear the bark at the stub as your axe comes through the other side. This clumsy method leaves a wound which injures the growth for the next seven years of the perennial life of the stub. The true woodman's cut is the "calf's mouth," which is, as the term indicates, Y shaped—a clean blow on each side. With the billhook you can cut the smaller stems clean through without leaving a frayed edge, but not with the axe. The billhook is a delightful instrument; it is light to handle, and in a deft hand becomes a most efficient slayer of the small limbs of the wood. You must be careful to keep your left leg well away as you strike, or you may get a wound on your shin such as I got three years ago in hacking at a supple oak sapling. I felled the sapling and myself as well. In frosty weather like the present, the hard steel is apt to slip against the frozen trunk if the blow be not true, and my insurance company have their risks increased in an unlooked-for way. A robin keeps a watchful eye on me all the time; the noisy rustle of a blackbird over the

woodland carpet of dry leaves causes me to turn my head occasionally to see if it is a rabbit, for rabbits, startled by the uncommon sound of my axe, will give me a startled glance of curiosity and then scurry for the hedge. Outside a cold nor-easter is blowing, but I care not a jot as I swing my axe inside my warm woodland palace of decorative hornbeam. Hornbeam is a splendid wood for the warm hearth, but not for the cold earth, for when it "colds," as the woodmen say, it "browns" with a rot if used as posts. The woodlanders about here will insist upon calling it beech. The leaf, however, is decidedly smaller, and its serrations are more marked. Its long thin stems make excellent bean-sticks, which are cut to the regulation length of 8ft., and their graceful feathery tops, cut to the length of 5ft. to 7ft., are valuable as pea-sticks. The crooked wood will keep my coal merchant at a distance this winter. The bundles are usually tied by "withes" of hazel or oak. The making of withes is, however, a difficult art in frosty weather, when woodlanders usually build a fire over which the withes are held and made more supple. I, however, had to draw upon the resources of an artificial age and tie the bundles with string from the village grocer. It is all very well to cut down young trees, but the test of one's manhood lies in loading a waggon, pitching bundles of pea-sticks skywards as the waggon assumes the gigantic shape of a haystack!—F. E. GREEN.

A WHITE BLACKBIRD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some of your readers may be interested to hear that I have a pure white blackbird in a cage. He was picked up, half-fledged, last summer. After a few weeks he became totally blind, one eye disappearing completely, but he appears to be in excellent health, and finds his way to the highest perches by feeling for them with his head and then hopping up. His hearing is very acute, and he knows at once if I have put some worms into the cage and flies down immediately. Being blind, he cannot distinguish day from night, and sometimes hops about and feeds all night, sleeping during the



greater part of the following day. I enclose some snap-shots in case one of them is good enough to be reproduced.—R. M. E.

THE RED-NECKED PHALAROPE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. Pike's excellent article on the red-necked phalarope and admirable photographs recall an interesting *rencontre* I had with a pair of these rare birds in the Shetland Islands. Near the extreme south of the mainland are two well-known trout lochs, Spiggie and Brow. The first-named is a fine sheet of water $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, but the second loch (the name of which is pronounced Broo) is considerably smaller. A reedy marsh joins the two lakes, and in this, I learnt, one or two pairs of red-necked phalaropes were accustomed to breed. One day when fishing Brow I saw two sand-piper-like birds running about on the shore; I landed and, walking up, saw that they were a pair of these red-necked phalaropes. They exhibited just the same fearlessness described by Mr. Pike, and displayed not the least uneasiness even when I was within 3yds. of them. They were, in fact, so familiar and inquisitive that when I dangled my cast over their heads they repeatedly pecked at the flies! Complete fearlessness of man is, indeed, one of the leading characteristics of these interesting little birds. By walking right up to these phalaropes I induced them to take to the water, in which element their webbed feet make them just as much at home as a gull. Later on I was lucky enough to find a young phalarope, which I caught with a landing-net and examined at leisure before letting it go again. This little creature, though only lately fledged, could swim with the greatest activity. When released it darted off in a moment and hid among the reeds. The proprietors of the fishing, who run a small hotel near by for the benefit of anglers, encourage and protect the phalaropes, so that there is every



reason to believe that the birds still breed in the Spiggie marshes. Grey phalaropes, also, are not uncommon, and I saw several of them at different times.—F.

WINDOW-PANE INSCRIPTIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Recently I read an article in COUNTRY LIFE on window-pane rhymes, and I think the enclosed tracing may be of interest. The lines are scratched upon a pane of glass in an upper room, which was once part of the old George Inn, Burford. The generally accepted theory is that all was

*Teach me to hate the author of my wrongs, for as yet
I know not what it is to hate, my soul engrossed by
Sister Passions has no room to entertain so
rough a thought 1666. then you ought to be dead
Samuel Pepys*

written by one person, the signature, "Samuel Pepys," being a forgery. I think a close examination will show that the lines and signature are in quite separate handwritings. A possible explanation is that the lines were written by some lady in 1666, and Pepys wrote his name beneath at the time (which does not seem probable) or later, and later still some critic added his remark. Can anyone say if these lines are original, or a quotation, and if there is any resemblance between this signature and that of Pepys? The George was an important inn; Charles I. slept here during his memorable retreat from Oxford to Worcester; Charles II. also came here, and it was no doubt frequented by many notable persons during the days of the old Bibury race-meetings. It is an interesting subject for conjecture, and I should be very glad to know if anyone can throw any further light upon it.—CHRISTOPHER W. HUGHES.

AN OLD TRUNK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have an old trunk made by "Samuel Ash, Trunk, Chest and Plate Case Maker, 44, Leadenhall Street (burnt out from opposite the East India House), London." Can any of your correspondents tell me about what date this trunk can have been manufactured, as I think it must be very old. Any information will be much appreciated.—WALTER G. WILLMOTT, Merstham.

THE PLAGUE OF MIDGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Nearly two centuries ago an English traveller in the Highlands noted with bitterness the pest of midges in many parts of the North, and it seems to be a plague that has continued undiminished to our day. Nowadays, when the benefit of fresh air and of living with open windows is becoming appreciated at its true value, this plague of flies enters the house, and in some places makes sleep almost an impossibility, particularly in damp weather. Can you inform me if there is any way of treating the areas infected with these tiny flies to prevent breeding. Mosquitoes can be kept in check with comparative ease by means of paraffin, but I am not enough of a naturalist to know if it is possible to treat the breeding ground or water of midges in like manner. If you or any of your readers can throw light on this subject that may lead to a lessening of the plague, it would be a great blessing to quite a number of patients who are trying to carry out the fresh-air cure for tuberculosis in different parts of the country.—ANXIOUS.

A WOOD-CUTTING MOTOR.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph was taken in Morez, a small town in the French Jura, very near the Swiss border. The owners of the machine motor from place to place with it, and use the power to cut logs for customers like bakers and others at their own doors. I have seen, also, a few others of these machines in the Black Forest.—GEORGE BERDLEY.

TORTOISES IN WINTER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Would any kind reader of COUNTRY LIFE give some hints about keeping the ordinary tortoise? I have some in my garden, and in the winter I have put them in the vinery, as it is so damp and cold here. I am sorry to say one has died, and I do not seem fortunate in finding food for them that they relish. I should esteem it a great favour if any tortoise fancier would send me a bill of fare for them and tell me how to take care of them.—A SUBSCRIBER, Macclesfield.

[Our correspondent will find the information desired in our "Correspondence" columns of February 1st, 1908.—ED.]